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Alice Meynell

IT is but a tragic truism to say that in Alice Meynell England has lost a great poet. There is a certain sombre satisfaction in using the word poet instead of poetess. The latter description, which is native to the newspapers, would always, in two diverse ways, have aroused her own delicate indignation. First, because it diminishes the dignity and directness of a great English word; and, second, because it is generally used with a touch of condescension, as if the female ending were a sort of diminutive. Thus it would have insulted two of her intellectual passions: her love of the English language and her loyalty to her sex. We have lost a great poet; and this is not the sort of comment, nor am I the sort of commentator, to say what else we have lost; one of the most magnanimous of friends, one of the wisest and most generous of women. Others can tell much better than I the story of her life and the personal side of her genius, personal as well as literary as my own admiration has been. I can do no more than note down here, in however faulty and fragmentary a style, some obvious truths touching the mere loss to literature. She was deservedly famous long before I had the honour of any personal knowledge of her; but I will venture the prophecy that her fullest fame is yet to come. The whole modern world must immeasurably enlarge itself before it comes near the measure of her mind.

Moreover, there is something that permits this detachment of the intellectual issue. In the sense typical of a true artist she lived a double life; of which one half was not so much of dreams, even day-dreams, as of artistic adventures and achievements. Sir Thomas Browne, to

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whom, perhaps, she had some affinity in imaginative prose, said that his life was a daily miracle; and some commentator solemnly added, "Yet the events of it give no warrant for such a description," as if the old cavalier had meant that he was always being fired at with a blunderbuss or carried off by brigands. We can hardly call Mrs. Meynell's life merely uneventful even in an external sense. It was not trivial to be the sister-in-law of Sir William Butler, one of the last to uphold the honour of the soldier against our plutocratic decline; the man who, having gained distinction under the flag in many lands, won at last the supreme honour of being hated by the Jingo Jews of South Africa. It was not trivial to be the sister of one who could express such romance of soldiering in a sister art. The romance of the rescue of Francis Thompson, which saved such amazing imaginative wealth for the world, was something even more than the one modern miracle of Christian charity in an age sodden with philanthropy. There was in it not only charity but chivalry; for it involved a courage that can only be called valour. It was certainly not trivial to have a marriage of such sympathy and such enlargement of literary influence; there was nothing of human greatness lacking in that relation, "children for memory and the Faith for pride." All this would make a story of interest and distinction even in itself, and one that awaits a pen with more authority than mine. But, for all that, it remains true, I think, that the incidents of her life would be found in her books rather than her biography. Unless I am much mistaken, she was one of those to whom stray thoughts are themselves adventures. This is quite a different matter from meditation, especially in the merely oriental sense. The Indian monk, staring at his big toe, sees all things melt into one thing, or, perhaps, into nothing. He does not see the big toe detach itself from his body, and define, with brilliant distinctness, a new truth about toes. But in Alice Meynell's meditations things did always detach themselves from vague environment, each telling a separate truth. She would have been delighted to note that

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our daily language does bear witness to this almost dramatic quality, in ideas that are at once strange and clear. Thus we speak of being "struck" with a thought as with a thunderbolt, or of "entertaining" an idea as if it were a strange and splendid guest. These, I think, were the adventures of her daily life; and, if she had kept a diary of what really happened to her, the events would not have been meeting a public man or getting a prize for a poem, but such things as seeing a fresh significance in the crinkled copper of an autumn leaf, or the shape of a shadow on the road.

Like more than one great poet she suffered more from praise than from blame. Her eulogists belittled her by talking as if she dealt only in little things. They even had a sort of silly vanity in implying that they alone could detect anything so delicate and diminutive; that only their microscope could reveal anything so minute as her merits. But all this criticism was a fixed formula; and, like many fixed formulæ, by no means fitted to its purpose. She did write carefully and she did sometimes use unique or neglected words; but all that has no more to do with the point than a statement that she did write in a sloping hand or did sometimes use a quill pen. All the talk about her fastidiousness and fine shades and delicate verbal embroideries is quite beside the mark. The point of her poetry was not that she chose this or that sort of adjective, or even cast it in this or that sort of style. The point about her poetry, as compared with most modern poetry, was this; that she never wrote a line, or even a word, without putting brains into it; or, in the most exact sense, meaning what she said. She never wrote a line, or even a word, that does not stand like the rib of a strong intellectual structure; a thing with the bones of thought in it. There is a melancholy amusement in remembering how indignant she would have been that this merit should be called masculine. But it is the kind of merit that generally is called masculine. Nobody could possibly call her masculine, yet it was exactly the sort of merit that she had. It was what somebody called the imaginative

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reason, and might as correctly be called the creative reason. It is the spirit that refuses to present the raw material of emotion any more than the raw material of nature; that insists on producing not raw materials but a fabric. It was when feeling had concentrated into thought, and in the true sense come to a point, that she put it down (we might say pinned it down) by that point. However deeply she felt a thing, she always waited till she also meant it and could say it. Therefore, in any anthology or magazine of minor poets, her work always stood out as something inevitably and imperatively interesting. It was like being startled amid the chatter of birds by the spoken words of a man.

So far was she from being trailing or languid or sentimental, that this intellectual intensity gave to everything she wrote a touch of epigram. Most people would be rather amused if we associated the names of Alice Meynell and Victor Hugo. But she herself, with that admirable liberality entirely missed by those who admired her fastidiousness, wrote very warmly about the "divine wit" of Victor Hugo. It is that divine wit that is much underrated among pantheists who substitute diffuseness for depth, as they substitute what is called central heating for the sacred hearth. To mention but one example out of many, I recall her little poem called "The New Vain-glory" in which she transfixed with one thrust a certain sort of arrogant agnostic, who is perpetually posing in attitudes of *camaraderie* mingled with condescension; the sort of man who manages to get spiritual pride even out of unspirituality:

For I am generous, tolerant, keep no rules,
And the age honours me:
Thank God I am not as these rigid fools,
Even as this Pharisee.

That is the literary quality suggested by her own phrase about divine wit. It is a sort of compact irony that is seldom found except in conjunction with deep convictions. But her poetry is full of this sort of epigram, so that it is hard for anyone reading it to understand how

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that poetry can have been regarded, and even admired, as a mere exercise of feminine fine sentiment. The truth is, that two or three accidents combined to conceal her greatness from a generation of smaller things; and the very mistakes about her may often serve to guide us to the truth.

First, it was an accident that she found fame in the days of the decadents; and she could beat the decadents with their own weapons. She did seek, as they did, for what they called the just word, *le mot juste*. But she found the just word; and it was morally just as well as artistically just. It was not only an impression but a judgment. The decadents were decorative; that is, they were flat; they were limited to two dimensions, while hers was the third one of height and depth. They boasted that they cared more for masks than faces, more for cosmetics than complexions, more for enamel than for solid material; in short, more for surfaces than substances. But when she only touched the surface she did it better; and was unconscionably classed with them as a punishment for doing perfectly what they did imperfectly. In truth she always did all that the æsthetes did and more. The beauty of her poetry was not skin-deep; it belonged to the thoughts behind the words and to things even deeper behind the thoughts. It is the whole point of such an appreciation that it applies to the whole of her work and every part of it; so I will here take the first example that recurs to my memory. A score of pessimists had repeated like parrots that nature seems to be indifferent to human tragedy. A mob of minor poets had illustrated this by saying that the sunshine gilds brightly a field of blood or a blackened ruin. And Alice Meynell, having to touch on the same tragic irony in connection with the war, wrote that over a line of the red wreckage, described also in a single stroke with a few strong words, "The chaste young silver sun went up." In that one chance scrap there is matter for all the superficial praise she received, and for all the deeper praise she deserved. A poetical convention had fixed the sun as gold and the moon as silver, in the

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stiff fashion of heraldry. To call the sun silver is, among other things, an example of that slight verbal variation by which the decadents sought to touch the nerve of novelty, by talking about blue wine or green carnations. Incidentally it may be added (if anything so trivial as truth be here relevant) that wine is rarely blue, but daylight often is silver, especially early in the day. But the point is that this verbal variation was not superficial, but was the sign of the deepest of all divisions. The more pagan poets talked of the golden sun; but they saw and saluted the gold so often that one suspected that most of it must be brass. And it was brass in more senses than one; for it was part of a philosophy that saw the heavens as brazen. The superficial standpoint from which the sun was as yellow as the Yellow Book coincided in this case with a pessimism which saw the sun as a thing of brass, being both shameless and cruel. But the ultimate effect of all this paganism and pessimism was that there was really no artistic contrast at all. There is no contrast between a cruel sun and a cruel soldiery, or between a brazen sky and a brazen triumph. All the golden glitter in the pagan poems ceases to have any more satire or mystery than an actual yellow sun staring at a yellow desert. Realize that sense of sultry and sullen platitude in which all pessimism ends, and then say to yourself suddenly, "The chaste young silver sun went up," and you will see that star go up like a silver arrow, and with a sound like song. And you will realize that the mystery of evil is not in everything being evil, in which case there is really no mystery at all. It is in evil running parallel to a positive good even in nature, an innocence of inanimate things. The pessimists of the school of Mr. Hardy and Mr. Housman seem to suggest that the God who does not exist is really a demon who does exist. But that idea actually eliminates the real irony we feel in the presence of the positive but mysterious innocence of nature. That innocence is not indifference, but rather preoccupation. The silver sun is not staring like the village idiot; he is preoccupied like the priest.

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For a second reason, there may have been something accidental about some of the externals of her position and personality, which made her look like an æsthete at a distance—a very considerable distance. Though she had all the humour of a highly civilized intelligence, her expression, demeanour and even dress had something about them sombre and almost Spanish. The magic of patience, by which she transmuted into poetry so many of the memories of sorrow and even sickness, may have been mistaken by some for mere endurance. And the high school of manners, the value she undoubtedly attached to a transcendental sort of tact, certainly was mistaken for an exclusive intellectualism. She had so rich a relish for the details of diction that it may truly be called a relish rather than merely a taste. Yet it naturally brought her in touch with many for whom it was only a taste. But all these accidents were really very misleading. Her sympathies were liberal and even, in the most profound sense, popular. Coventry Patmore, in advancing her unanswerable claims to the Laureateship, said that she was a Radical in her opinions and a Tory in her tastes. It is an admirable combination ; and one to which the more generous minds of every type have always tended. Perhaps it was precisely in not understanding it that Patmore himself, great as he was, just fell short of a sane and serene greatness. He was sometimes irritated, where she was never anything less than indignant. But her indignation would have been as prompt against the oppression of popular things as against any persecution of the things of culture. It was never more intense and tingling than on behalf of something humble and obscure ; nor did she fail to realize that a mob can be a martyr, as in the story of Ireland.

She was not merely fastidious ; indeed she was not really fastidious at all. The word is one that is used naturally enough—indeed, I suspect I have used it myself ; but it is quite the wrong word. It would imply that she was narrow in her range, or repelled by the ruck of common topics ; but the very contrary was the case. If some

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would think it strange to bracket her with Victor Hugo, they would think it stranger to bracket her with Walt Whitman. And yet there was a sense in which she was a more successful Walt Whitman, confronting all things with something better than an impatient acceptance. She really did care for leaves of grass, where he cared only for grass. Whitman was, I think, with all his faults, something of a giant ; but in this he was an ogre, because he swallowed everything without tasting it. Alice Meynell tasted everything, but it is really false to call her fastidious in her taste. She covered more commonplace subjects than most writers have had the courage to do ; and did really give the impression that she could have written about anything. Stevenson said, in effect, that Whitman was quite justified in trying to make a hatter poetical, on the one strict condition that he did make him poetical ; and he didn't. But if Mrs. Meynell had written a little essay on hats, she would have made them poetical or at any rate philosophical. And it is quite a mistake to imagine that she would have been, like the decadents, interested in no hatter except the Mad Hatter. Humdrum hats, humble pinched hats, shabby hats, shocking bad hats would all have had their shadows touched with silver as well as grey. It would be no bad exercise of piety to look around in plain surroundings at the prosaic objects of everyday life, and think how many of them might have been, and indeed how many of them actually were, given a new meaning by her intensive interpretation. From the mere memory of the moment, and without referring to any book, I can recall her remarks on water-pipes, on wall-papers, on a window-blind, on street lamp-posts and street puddles. She was only fastidious in the sense of always trying to find the right word for anything and everything, including the most ordinary things. But in this sense and for this purpose the word fastidious is itself hardly chosen fastidiously.

Still less is it true that her tastes were artificial ; for such fastidiousness as she really had discriminated against the artificial and not against the natural. If she shrank

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involuntarily from anything hackneyed, it was rather from the repetitions of literature than the repetitions of life. She did not mind how many flowers there were in the fields ; but she did once say that she thought there were too many flowers in the carpets and the curtains. If anything bored her, it was not the ordinary prosaic but rather the ordinary poetical. One would never have minded challenging her to write a little essay on a door-scraper or an umbrella-stand ; and I am sure she would, in the most real and most mystical sense, have thrown a new light on it. But I doubt if anybody would have the moral courage to ask her to write on the ruins of a famous abbey by moonlight. I can imagine her giving a slight shiver if her attention were drawn to the Coliseum or some such trifle when she was thinking of more important things. I can imagine her shuddering when some quite obviously suitable subject for a prize poem was delicately placed before her. But I cannot imagine her refusing to take an imaginative interest in any ordinary objective prosaic *thing* that lay in her path, though it were a beetle or even a button. In other words the writer thus accused of an excess of artifice was really only interested in things when they were real, and only bored with them when they were artificial.

Even where her rejections were dubious, I do not think they were merely fastidious. For instance, she was, I think, too serious in her repulsion from the Victorian virility of Charles Keene and even occasionally of Charles Dickens. But this was too pugnacious to be mere refinement, especially as the essay in question ended with that noble paradox, so profoundly true and so puzzling to the merely scrupulous ; the phrase that speaks of the immoralities swept away by the French novel. Here, again, it was not mere excess of delicacy. It was rather a sort of vigilance ; a sensitive watchfulness which was the fine edge of the fighting spirit. She was jealous ; in that mystical sense in which men have dared to speak of the jealousy of God. She was jealous of the dignity of language, of the rights of religion and especially of the sen-

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sibility and self-respect of her own sex. On these things her vigilance was so sensitive as to be a sort of insomnia. She took so much thought for neglected truths, and especially neglected truths that told in favour of women, that masculine thoughtlessness exasperated her like mere heartlessness. She was wideawake and conscious of everything when men like Dickens and Keene were half-conscious, or in a metaphorical sense half-drunk, when one cracked jokes about mothers and the other about wives. Dickens and Keene meant no harm; and the thing that made her indignant with them was that they meant no harm. It was that they did not mean anything, with the terrible and intimate intensity with which she was in the habit of meaning things.

For her feminism was unique because it really was feminine. In her own quiet way she was quite militant, but she was never in the least masculine. She never felt any emancipation as any approximation to being masculine. Hers was not the protest of the public woman; but in a rather special and real sense the protest of the private woman. She specialized in a woman's standpoint so secret that it is often hidden from the home, to say nothing of the State; something that is too private for private life and too feminine for the fireside. It is notable that, while other feminists dwelt on the famous women of history, she delighted to dwell on the fameless and even nameless among them. While the ordinary Suffragette was boasting about Sappho and Joan of Arc, Mrs. Meynell rejoiced almost grimly in resurrecting the forgotten wife of Doctor Johnson. I know nothing more splendid in its way, and certainly nothing more characteristic, than that little essay in which she fits together out of a few fragments a worthy monument to one whose grave-stone had lain so flat as to be walked over with muddy boots like a paving-stone. It is the proof of something more than friendship between women; even in the case of friends who could never even be acquaintances. It is proof of a sort of chivalry between women of which men probably think too little. And that is exactly the point to be

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repeated here: that they think too little. She was affected in the same way by Macaulay's unconcern in the case of the historic female as by Dickens' unconcern in the case of the fictitious one. But the feeling was very far from being mere delicacy or refinement; it would be much truer to describe it as a contained and conscious anger. The thing she hated she hit in one of her almost maliciously exact phrases; it was a "tolerant haste."

As has been said, the other cause of the blunder about her was merely chronological; that certain fashions and affectations flourished at a particular date, and bore some superficial resemblance to her own much deeper and more sincere imagery. It reminds us of some story in which a real jewel is lost in a mass of sham jewellery. But, indeed, any thought of hers was something incomparably more precious than a jewel; it was a seed. It had in it the principle of life, where all the thoughts of the decadents had in them only a principle of death. Hers was the sort of thought that kindles thought, and theirs the sort of thought that kills thought. In other words, she differed from most of the advanced artists of the period in the detail that she was facing the other way, and advancing in the opposite direction. They were at the best analysing, in the sense that death and destruction always analyse; because they break a thing up into its elements. She was in the most solid sense synthesizing, or in the most practical sense putting two and two together. And there is one sense at least in which putting one and one together does make three; and that is in the case of living things, even living thoughts, that create a progeny.

For ultimately, of course, the secret of her genius is in that which for all purposes of expression must remain a secret; though the Church has made it an open secret. There was stuff in all she wrote because she had a Subject; and it was that which, amid the melting of the whole modern world, is once more emerging in a sacramental solidity. She wrote well because she was interested in something, and the sceptics are interested in nothing,

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even when their Nothing has a capital letter like Nature. In the smallest leaflet of Catholic devotion there are literally a thousand times more things to think about than the latest philosophers can find in looking across perishing empires to the ends of the earth under an empty sky. For to-day the great atheists are also great pessimists. There are any number of third and fourth-rate minds rowdily content with third and fourth-rate religions ; but the minds of the first rank that have lost their heavenly hopes have lost all their earthly hopes also. It is so with Hardy ; it is so with Housman ; it is so with Anatole France. Many rebuked me when I remarked years ago, certainly without disparagement to the intellectual distinction of the writer, that Hardy sometimes reminded me of the village atheist blaspheming over the village idiot. They may be equally dissatisfied if I say of M. Anatole France that I can imagine more exhilarating spectacles than a pessimist reflecting that he is only a penguin. That great and very perfect poet, the Shropshire Lad, has a sincerity that makes it needless to prove the point against him, and confesses himself that his only tune is "The cow, the old cow, she is dead." But the winged bull of the Apocalypse is not dead. That which survives, unbroken, is precisely all that prophetic imagery and sacred symbolism, expressing the everlasting energies in which Alice Meynell's genius renewed its youth like the eagle's ; transcendental truths that throng the firmament like a beatific tempest ; and great thoughts that meet in thunder.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

To the MOTHER *of* CHRIST THE SON OF MAN

WE too (one cried), we 'too,
We the unready, the perplexed, the cold,
Must shape the Eternal in our thoughts anew,
Cherish, possess, enfold ;

Thou sweetly, we in strife.
It is our passion to conceive Him thus
In mind, in sense, within our house of life ;
That seed is locked in us.

We must affirm our Son
From the ambiguous Nature's difficult speech,
Gather in darkness that resplendent One,
Close as our grasp can reach.

Nor shall we ever rest
From this our task. An hour sufficed for thee,
Thou innocent ! He lingers in the breast
Of our humanity.

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THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH*

JOHAN CARROLL, Archbishop of Baltimore, is still the foremost figure in the history of Catholicism in the United States. A new biography of him would, in any case, have been something of an event; but in offering a welcome to the volume which now comes to us from the pen of Professor Peter Guilday, we can do so with the feeling that we have what is likely to be the final presentment of the character and career of this great ecclesiastical pioneer. Written with great simplicity of style and without a trace of party feeling, the book is well documented, and is a monument of patient industry and research, while its judgments of men and things are marked by a sort of large sanity of view which quickly wins and holds the confidence of the reader. The work is well done and will endure.

Born in 1735, John Carroll came of a family which, of Irish origin, had settled in America in the early part of the Seventeenth Century. They had prospered in their new surroundings, and one of them, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, has his secure place in history as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Twice in his life this Charles Carroll was closely associated with his cousin John. As boys they crossed the Atlantic together to go to school at St. Omer, and they met again as members of the famous mission sent to Canada by the American Government at the outset of the Revolution. The future Archbishop left home when he was 13; he was absent twenty-seven years. His biographer says:

John and Charles Carroll were the victims of the bigotry of their day, but both were to benefit by these years of training abroad, and were to return as leaders in the struggle which eventually was to win freedom for their fellow Catholics. To boys of their age, the perils of the long journey across the Atlantic

* *The Life and Times of John Carroll, Archbishop of Baltimore.* By Peter Guilday. New York: Encyclopædia Press.

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were forgotten in the joyousness of the great adventure, but there had been implanted in their hearts memories of the wrongs Protestant intolerance had inflicted on their people, and the vision of tear-stained faces as they said good-bye had its place in determining their judgment when the call came to break for ever with the tyranny of the Motherland.

This sounds like a piece of poetical justice, but it is difficult to believe that it has any close relation to the facts. The bulk of the Catholic population at that time was concentrated in Maryland and Pennsylvania. The Carrolls, belonging to one of the leading families in Maryland, must have been aware that the Constitution of their Province, as it was brought from England, was a model of religious toleration, and they must also have known that the penal legislation which was subsequently enacted was the gratuitous work of the colonists themselves. Lecky, in his *History of European Rationalism*, puts the facts with convenient brevity: "Maryland continued the solitary refuge for the oppressed of every Christian sect, till the Protestant party, who were in the ascendant in the legislature, basely enacted the whole penal code against the co-religionists of the founder of the colony." And, speaking more generally, the same historian continues: "In America, the colonists who were driven from their own land by persecution, not only proscribed Catholics but also persecuted the Quakers—the most inoffensive of all sects—with merciless severity." Certainly the colonists of that time needed no lesson from home in the spirit of religious intolerance. They lived their lives in an atmosphere of religious controversy; Professor Guilday points out that from 1700 to 1750 two-thirds of the books published in the English colonies in America were on religious questions, and that from 1750 to 1775 at least one-half dealt with the religious aspect of the Revolution. And it would be safe to say that religious intolerance, as practised in the colonies, was far more theological in its motive than the corresponding movement in the Motherland. In England, the conflict with Rome presented itself to the unfortunate Catholics

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in the guise of a direct attack upon their religion, but the purpose of that attack was largely political. Cardinal Allen put his finger on the truth when he made it a reproach to Elizabeth and her supporters that their war with Rome was "not for religion, of which our enemies have not a bit, but for the stability of the empire and worldly prosperity"

The two boys, Charles Carroll of Carrollton and John Carroll, were schoolfellows at the Jesuit College at St. Omer for five years. At the end of that time their paths separated. Charles went to the college at Rheims before beginning his law studies, and the future Archbishop joined the English Province of the Society of Jesus and entered the novitiate at Watten. Of John Carroll's schooldays little is known, and nothing of consequence. There is the same baffling silence in regard to the resolution which marked the turning point in his life, his decision to become a priest and a Jesuit. All we know is that after leaving the novitiate he studied philosophy in the English College in Liège until 1758, when he returned to St. Omer to teach the classics. Four years later the Society of Jesus was suppressed by the French Government, and the community at St. Omer migrated with all the boys to Bruges. The date of John Carroll's ordination is quite uncertain, but he had certainly been a priest for some years when he went on a twelve months' tour through Europe in charge of Lord Stourton's eldest son. This tour naturally included a stay in the Eternal City. They arrived at a moment when the political and ecclesiastical situation was one of poignant interest for the American Jesuit. It was the eve of the suppression of the Society of Jesus by Clement XIV. Carroll's letters are full of bitter denunciation of the intrigues and scandals around him, but he had no illusions; he knew the cause was lost, and that the conspiracy of the Bourbon Courts was about to triumph. One flicker of hope came with the news of the death of Madame de Pompadour. The French Jesuits were confident that, freed from her influence, Louis XV would rouse himself and come out as

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a defender of the Society. But though he hoped against hope, Carroll was not taken by surprise when the brief *Dominus ac Redemptor*—characterized by Professor Guillard as “one of the unfairest pontifical acts in the history of the Papacy”—was given to the world in August, 1773. He had known the blow was coming, but it left him stunned and bewildered when it came. Writing to his brother Daniel, he pours out his feelings without restraint :

I am not, and perhaps never shall be, recovered from the shock of this dreadful intelligence. The greatest blessing which in my estimation I could receive from God, would be immediate death ; but if He deny me this, may His holy and adorable designs on me be wholly fulfilled. Is it possible that Divine Providence should permit such an end, to a body wholly devoted, and I will still aver with the most disinterested charity, in procuring every comfort and advantage to their neighbours, whether by preaching, teaching, catechizing, missions, visiting hospitals, prisons, and every other function of spiritual and corporal mercy? Such I have beheld it in every part of my travels, the first of all ecclesiastical bodies in the esteem and confidence of the faithful, and certainly the most laborious. What will become of our flourishing congregations with you, and those cultivated by the German Fathers [in Pennsylvania]? These reflections crowd so fast upon me that I almost lose my senses.

Life seemed to have been suddenly robbed of all its value and meaning ; he was adrift in the world, without plans or prospects, or an abiding resting-place anywhere ; and then in that time of desolation his thoughts began to turn back towards home. For apart from its general aspects the catastrophe had serious personal consequences for Father Carroll. The Society to which he had consecrated his life had been disbanded and outlawed by the Holy See, and he had long ago signed away his personal share in the family fortune. A few months later we find him accepting an invitation from Lord Arundell to act as his chaplain at Wardour, and to minister to the few Catholics of the neighbourhood. The arrangement, though very pleasant while it lasted, was of short duration, and in the spring of 1774 John Carroll set sail for America.

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The ecclesiastical situation which met him there was a singular one. Even before the edict of Clement XIV it had been anomalous. The whole body of the clergy were Jesuits; there were no bishops; and the laity were permanently deprived of the sacrament of confirmation. The suppression of the Society of Jesus introduced new and startling complications. Every Jesuit was expected to make an act of formal submission, and those in priests' orders were required either to enter some other religious order or to place themselves under the jurisdiction of the local bishop. Unfortunately, the Papal Brief had omitted to make provision for a country in which there was no alternative religious order and no bishop. In these circumstances Bishop Challoner, who, as Vicar-Apostolic of the London district, was understood to be responsible for the conduct of the American clergy, sent out a formula of submission to Father John Lewis, the superior of the Jesuits in the English colonies, for the signature of each of his spiritual subjects. That was simple enough, but how was this bishop, living in London, to see that these ex-Jesuits in America either entered some other religious order or became subject to a local bishop—when neither had any existence there? Still more difficult was the duty imposed upon him of taking provisional possession of all the property and goods of these ex-Jesuits—that is, of the means of livelihood of the whole body of the clergy in the country. In his perplexity, Bishop Challoner adopted a policy of masterly inactivity; he did nothing, and the problem gradually solved itself. In the absence of any alternative religious order and local bishops the ex-Jesuits continued to be subject to their late superior, Father Lewis, who now became Bishop Challoner's Vicar-General, and continued to act in that capacity during the whole period of the War of Independence. The property of the ex-Jesuits was not interfered with, but the question of the Jesuit estates, and the fear that under some pretext or other Propaganda might try to alienate them, continued to vex the American Church until the close of Carroll's episcopate.

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To this general understanding, by which the ex-Jesuits continued to recognize the authority of their former superior, there was one important exception. When John Carroll returned to America he went home and stayed there, and when Father Lewis ordered him elsewhere he refused to go. Professor Guilday sees in this conduct a proof of Carroll's patriotism and claims that he was the first priest in the rebellious colonies to refuse obedience to a London Vicar-General. "This was not in a spirit of insubordination, but with political cleavage from England John Carroll believed ecclesiastical separation went also. He declined to conform to the English jurisdiction of Father Lewis, and chose to reside independently with his mother at Rock Creek." That explanation of his conduct may be the true one, but no authority for it is given, and certainly it is hard to reconcile it with what Carroll himself wrote to his life-long friend, the well-known English Jesuit, Father Charles Plowden:

Because I live with my mother, for whose sake alone I sacrificed the very best place in England, and told Mr. Lewis I did not choose to be subject to be moved from place to place, now that we had no longer the vow of obedience to entitle us to the merit of it, he does not choose to bear any part of my expense. I do not mention this by way of complaint, as I am perfectly easy at present.

That is an intelligible position. After the suppression there was no longer any reciprocity of service, duty, or obligation between the superior of the Society and its members.

In considering the causes which led to the revolutionary movement which now became the background and the setting of John Carroll's life, Professor Guilday allows full weight to the views of those who, with Cardinal Gasquet, lay stress upon the religious animosities of the time, and specially upon the passion of anti-Popery feeling which swept the country when it became known that the English Parliament had passed the Quebec Act, and so conceded the fullest religious liberty to the

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Catholics of Canada. That the importance of this factor in bringing about the Revolution should have been somewhat obscured, and even wholly ignored by many of the earlier historians, is, perhaps, not surprising, for on this question the attitude of the men who faced Great Britain in arms in 1774 is in absolute contrast to that of the same men when they came to frame the Constitution of the Republic thirteen years later. In 1774, in the famous "Address to the People of Great Britain," the American leaders, with express reference to the new proclamation of religious liberty in Canada, deny the right of the Parliament of Great Britain "to establish a religion, fraught with sanguinary and impious tenets," and go on to express their astonishment "that a British Parliament should ever consent to establish in that country a religion that has deluged your island in blood, and disbursed impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder and rebellion through every part of the world." In 1787 the principle of religious toleration had so far found general acceptance that the Sixth Article of the Constitution declares that "No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."

It was long before the Legislatures of the several states fell into line, but the principle of complete liberty of conscience has for so many years been accepted as part of the American ideal, and so closely identified with the national life, that it is only with an effort that we can realize what was the true attitude of the Fathers of the Republic at the outset of the war. And yet the change is not difficult to account for. In revolutions, men live fast; the transitions of thought and feeling which in ordinary times would be worked out through generations of men, are accomplished in a few years. In the long agony of the war with Great Britain men learned to get to grips with the heart of things, and, above all, to distinguish between the things that are essential and those that are not. The supreme need of the nation was to unite all classes of the community in the common cause.

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And in the light of that consideration all disputes about Protestantism and Popery, Establishment and Nonconformity, seemed irrelevant and out of place, and then dropped away, shrivelled up in the flames of war. Another influence tending to abate the expression of anti-Catholic feeling came with the French Alliance. Both policy and politeness required that some regard should be shown for the susceptibilities of a great Catholic Power.

That the anti-Catholic sentiments of Congress, which had found such vigorous expression in the "Address to the People of Great Britain," were a source of perplexity and distress to John Carroll, may be taken for granted—he was now called upon to play a personal part in the shaping of events. At a very early stage in the struggle it was recognized by the American leaders that it was both politically and strategically important to secure the friendship, or at least neutrality, of Canada. With this object an "Address to the Inhabitants of Quebec" was drawn up, proclaiming the purest principles of religious liberty and assuring the Canadians that "the transcendent nature of freedom elevates those who unite in her cause above all such low-minded infirmities"—as religious bigotry. This document was dated five days after the issue of the "Address to the People of Great Britain," and on the very same day as "The Petition to the King." Professor Guilday impartially prints these three State papers on the same page and leaves them to blush there in parallel columns. When it became clear that the Address to the Canadians was having no effect, Congress decided that it should be supplemented by *viva voce* explanations.

Early in 1776 it was arranged to send a special mission to Quebec, consisting of three persons, of whom two—Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Chase—were members of Congress, and the third—Charles Carroll of Carrollton—the most prominent Catholic in America. It was further resolved that "Mr. Carroll be requested to prevail on Mr. John Carroll to accompany the committee to Canada."

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John Carroll accepted the part assigned to him. He must have had some misgivings and we know he had no illusions of success—but he went. It seems likely that the promptings of patriotism were helped by the thought that in thus acting as the acknowledged spokesman of the American Government he was definitely committing them to a policy of religious toleration in the future. When, after a hazardous journey, the committee arrived in Canada they found the whole political situation dominated by a single man, Bishop Briand, of Quebec. This masterful prelate knew what he called the “Bos-tonnais” well, and he cordially disliked and distrusted them. He was grateful for the Quebec Act, and let everybody know that he was all out for King George. The committee recognized the situation and soon set their faces homewards. On the return journey Franklin fell ill and was nursed with the tenderest care by Father Carroll. The intimacy thus formed was destined to bear fruit later on.

The next few years were spent quietly by Father Carroll at his home at Rock Creek, which he used as a centre from which to visit and minister to Catholics in all the surrounding district. All through the war he was in correspondence with Father Charles Plowden. They seem to have agreed to differ about the merits of the quarrel in which their countries were engaged, and each managed to keep his temper. This is the more to their credit because we know, from the part he played in the ecclesiastical controversies at home, that Charles Plowden, when he wished, could command a most abusive literary style. On one occasion we find John Carroll saying: “If your other kind letters never came to hand you have only to blame the unsleeping avidity of your own cruisers, whom I should call pirates were I inclined to follow your example of abusing the political measures of our adversaries.”

When the Treaty of Paris at last brought the war to a close, and Great Britain had acknowledged the complete independence of the United States, it was obvious that

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a new chapter must begin in the history of the Church in America. Bishop Challoner, long before the war, had repeatedly urged the Holy See to appoint a Vicar-Apostolic for the American colonies, and begged to be relieved of duties which circumstances made it impossible for him to fulfil satisfactorily. His petitions remained unheeded, and up to the time of his death, in 1781, his nebulous headship of the Church in America continued, and was tacitly accepted, through the obedience which its clergy rendered to the jurisdiction of the last Jesuit Superior, Father Lewis, who was also his Vicar-General. After Bishop Challoner's death his successor, Bishop James Talbot, recognizing the inevitable trend of events, refused to exercise any act of jurisdiction over the American Church. At a General Chapter of the American clergy, in November, 1783, it was decided to represent to the Holy See that in consequence of recent events it would be impossible to accept the jurisdiction of bishops living abroad, as heretofore, without giving offence to the rulers of the new Republic.

Accordingly they asked that power to grant the necessary faculties to priests, and to administer the sacrament of Confirmation should be conferred upon their present ecclesiastical superior, Father Lewis. At an adjourned meeting of the Chapter in the autumn of the following year, a letter was read announcing that John Carroll had been chosen as Prefect-Apostolic of the Church in America, and would in due course be promoted to the rank of a bishop. The news was like a bomb-shell for the assembled clergy. Many believed that the appointment of a bishop by Rome would bring them into conflict with the civil authority. It was pointed out that the Anglican clergy, in spite of all their wealth and prestige, had recently been obliged, in deference to public opinion, to withdraw themselves from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London. A more potent objection was founded in a fear that the coming of a bishop might mean peril to the safety of the estates belonging to the ex-Jesuit body. To John Carroll, neither objection

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seemed serious. The prejudices of the Government would have to be faced some day if the Church in America was ever to develop on normal lines, and as regards the question of property he had no apprehensions at all. He knew that, in Europe, there were plenty of precedents for the confiscation of Jesuit property, and under a variety of pious prettexts, but he held that the conditions in America were wholly different, and that property of the ex-Jesuits was quite safe from the fingers of Propaganda. His views are clearly set out in a letter, which is very characteristic of the man, written to Charles Plowden in September, 1783 :

Your information of the intention of Propaganda gives me concern no farther than to hear that men, whose institution was for the service of religion, should lend their thoughts so much more to the grasping of power and the commanding of wealth. For they may be assured that they will never get possession of a sixpence of our property here ; and if any of our friends could be mean enough to deliver any real estate into their hands, or attempt to subject it to their authority, our civil government would be called upon to wrest it again out of their dominion. A foreign temporal jurisdiction will never be tolerated here, and even the spiritual supremacy of the Pope is the only reason why, in some of the United States, the full participation in all civil rights is not granted to the Roman Catholics : they may, therefore, send their agents when they please ; they will certainly return empty-handed.

But the Chapter, whose sole means of livelihood seemed to be threatened, was not minded to take any unnecessary risks. Accordingly they proceeded to pass the following astonishing resolutions : (1) That a bishop is at present unnecessary ; (2) That, if one be sent, it is decided by the majority of the Chapter, that he shall not be entitled to any support from the present estates of the clergy." A committee of three was then appointed to prepare and give an answer to Rome, conformable to the above resolutions. But here we must cast back for a moment to consider the circumstances in which the letter appointing John Carroll to be Prefect-Apostolic of the American Church came to be written.

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In January, 1783, that is, nearly nine months before the definite treaty of peace was signed, Propaganda began to make new arrangements for the government of the Church in America. In a despatch to the Papal Nuncio, in Paris, Cardinal Antonelli explained that in view of coming political changes it was desirable to appoint a Bishop-Apostolic, not only because in that way the normal system of the Church would be established, but also because "national jealousy could thus be obviated by not constraining these new republicans to receive those sacraments (Confirmation and Holy Orders) from foreign bishops." The Nuncio, Prince Doria Pamphili, Archbishop of Seleucia, lost no time in laying the matter before the French Government. Benjamin Franklin, the American Minister in Paris, was then taken into consultation and quickly took control of the negotiations. He is not suspected of any particular regard for the interests of Catholicism, but he was eagerly anxious to end the last semblance of British sovereignty in the United States. His point of view comes out quite clearly in the course of a letter to the French Prime Minister, Count de Vergennes :

I understand that the Bishop, or spiritual person, who superintends, or governs, the Roman Catholic clergy in the United States of America, resides in London, and is supposed to be under obligations to that Court, and subject to be influenced by its ministers. This gives me some uneasiness and I cannot but wish that one should be appointed to that office who is of this nation and who may reside here among our friends.

If he had been better informed he would have known that he was pushing against an open door, and that Bishop Talbot had already renounced the jurisdiction which his predecessors, Challoner and Petre, had vainly tried to escape. But on this occasion Franklin seems to have acted not only without consulting his Catholic countrymen, but in complete ignorance of their wishes. In the absence of any restraining knowledge it was not difficult to devise a beautiful plan on paper. The scheme which Propaganda, after some months of correspondence,

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was preparing to approve and the French Government had cordially blessed, provided as follows: The head of American ecclesiastical affairs was to be the Papal Nuncio in Paris, who, as Ordinary, would take counsel with the American Minister "whenever it was necessary to act in accordance with him for the greater good of those missions." Under the Nuncio there was to be a Vicar-Apostolic or bishop with an official agent in Paris—the nationality of this bishop was indicated in the following words: "He should be taken from among the ecclesiastical subjects of His Most Christian Majesty." To provide for the maintenance of this new establishment, Franklin had suggested the confiscation of the revenues of the four monasteries in France belonging to the English Benedictines. This part of the scheme, however, was promptly vetoed by Propaganda.

Meanwhile, news of what was going on had reached London, and Plowden at once communicated with his friend, John Carroll. Carroll was deeply moved and hurt at what he heard; he resented the fact that the negotiations had been carried on behind the backs of the American clergy, and he saw the folly, in that critical time, of putting a foreigner at the head of the American Church. "I do assure you, dear Charles," he wrote to Plowden, "that nothing personal to myself, excepting the dissolution of the Society, ever gave me so much concern." But help was at hand. Plowden, as bold as he was vigilant, wrote personally to Franklin, putting all the facts before him. That sufficed; for Franklin's anxiety was not to get the Frenchmen in, but only to get the British out. When he was reminded of the existence and qualifications of his old friend and companion, John Carroll, he jumped at the suggestion. In a very short time the French plan was dropped, and Propaganda was writing the letter already referred to, telling Carroll of his appointment as "Superior of the Mission in the thirteen United States of North America." In making this announcement, Cardinal Antonelli, after graciously referring to the merits of Father Carroll, adds, "And it is known that the

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appointment will please and gratify many members of that republic, and especially Mr. Franklin, the eminent individual who represents the same republic at the Court of the most Christian King."

The five years during which John Carroll held the position of Prefect-Apostolic were years of exceptional strain and difficulty. The tide of immigration was beginning to set in strongly, and the need for more priests was urgent and incessant. There were no reserves to draw upon in America because the Catholic body was still unprovided with colleges and seminaries of its own. Restless and turbulent spirits among the clergy of the Old World were specially attracted by the prospects offered by the new Republic, and it was difficult for Carroll to discriminate between them. All he could do was to examine with care the credentials which the newcomers brought with them from Europe, and these were sometimes oddly misleading.

In the words of his biographer: "He was at the mercy not only of unworthy ministers of the altar, who left their dioceses under a cloud, but even of opportunist bishops who foisted on the infant Church of the United States clergymen who were causing trouble or giving scandal in their dioceses." But good came out of evil; the turbulence and insubordination of some of these imported priests impressed the American clergy, as nothing else could have done, with the need for some strong concentrated government, and the very men who had so recently explained to Propaganda that the appointment of a bishop would be a harm to religion were now eager to obtain one. In a "Memorial" to Pope Pius VI they point out that men chafing against ecclesiastical discipline "allege as an excuse for their licence and disobedience, that they are bound to obey bishops exercising their own authority, and not a mere priest exercising any vicarious jurisdiction." In the same document they beg that, "at least for the first time," the power of choosing the bishop should be given to the clergy. And there was another motive at work. An overwhelming majority of the

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American clergy at that time were ex-Jesuits. But theirs was a dwindling body, and in the absence of any possibility of accepting recruits it was certain that they must soon be outnumbered by the newcomers. Already death was taking toll of the ranks, and even the youngest of them was far beyond middle age. And still there was always the haunting hope—a hope which coloured all their thoughts—that some day the Society might be restored. This hope carried with it certain consequences. If a bishop had to be appointed, was it not well that the appointment should come sooner rather than later, and before the balance of power was disturbed? This feeling is expressed, and with engaging frankness, in a circular letter sent out by the Chapter in November, 1786: "We were very careful to consider whether the introduction of episcopacy would prove detrimental, if it should please God to revive our Society; and so far from conceiving it hurtful to the Society's recovering her rights in this country, we are clearly of opinion that a bishop chosen by ourselves, while we constitute a majority, would greatly facilitate so desirable an end." All opposition having now disappeared, events moved quickly. The Holy See, "as a special favour and for this time," allowed the American clergy to elect their own bishop. They chose John Carroll, and the Brief appointing him the first bishop of the United States was issued November 16th, 1789.

By the terms of the Brief Carroll was left free to receive the rite of consecration from the hands of any Catholic bishop. A letter from Mr. Weld inviting him to England and offering the hospitality of Lulworth was accepted, and it was soon arranged that the ceremony should take place in Mr. Weld's chapel and be performed by Bishop Walmesley, of the Western District. The fact that Charles Plowden was at that time acting as chaplain at Lulworth had probably a good deal to do with Dr. Carroll's decision to accept Mr. Weld's invitation and seek consecration in England—a decision which otherwise would have been somewhat

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remarkable. For in this country grievous penal laws were still in force; the Relief Act of 1791 had still to come, and it was an offence, punishable with a year's imprisonment, to say or to hear mass. But the chapel at Lulworth, if not under Royal protection, had at least been built in accordance with Royal advice. King George III was very fond of Weymouth, and was on friendly terms with the family at Lulworth. On one occasion Mr. Weld asked the King's permission to build a chapel for the use of the family and household, and the Catholics in the neighbourhood. The King was gracious but cautious, and not inclined to lend open sanction to illegality. He suggested, however, that Mr. Weld might erect a family mausoleum, and then fit up the interior and use it as he pleased. The chapel which thus owes its outward appearance to the Royal ingenuity was begun in 1786 and opened in the following year. It has been variously described: the late Bishop Ward speaks of it as "a strange-looking round building with a large dome"; while Bishop Milner describes it simply as "an elegant Grecian structure." In this mausoleum-chapel Father John Carroll was consecrated Bishop of Baltimore on August 15th, 1790. In one small matter his biographer, in describing the ceremony, has gone astray. He tells us that "during the consecration, young Thomas Weld, then 17 and but recently married," carried the missal. The age of young Thomas Weld, the future Cardinal Weld, is correctly given, but certainly he was not at that time "recently married" or married at all. His marriage with Lucy, daughter of the Hon. Thomas Clifford of Texall, took place in 1796, when he was 23.*

* The relations between George III and the Welds of Lulworth might provide a little footnote to history, and are of interest in view of the King's bitter opposition to Catholic emancipation in later life. When His Majesty visited Lulworth it was Mr. and Mrs. Weld's custom to receive him, surrounded by all their children—there were fifteen of them—standing on the steps of the castle and singing "God save the King." Sometimes the King would come to dinner accompanied by a considerable suite. On one occasion it happened that of the whole party at table the host was the only person without a title. Mr. Weld's butler, drawing attention to this circumstance, did so in the following terms: "The King dined here yesterday

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After a stay in England of a little more than two months, Dr. Carroll sailed for home on October 8th, 1790, as the first Bishop of Baltimore, and with the United States of America for his See.

To consider in any sort of detail the many activities of the crowded years which followed would be outside the scope and limits of the present article. It was a wonderful time of construction and development. At the close of the first national Synod, at the end of 1791, Bishop Carroll asked for an assistant bishop. The petition was granted and at the same time permission was given to Bishop Carroll, after consultation "with the older and more prudent priests of the diocese," to propose the name of his coadjutor. Their choice fell upon the ex-Jesuit Father Leonard Neale, whose Bull of appointment as Bishop of Gortyna, and coadjutor of Baltimore, was issued in April, 1795. But the difficulties and hazards of communication at that time were such that it was not until five years later that his consecration—the first in the United States—could take place. During the next

with a party of twenty, and my master was the only gentleman present." Mr. Weld's second daughter, Mary, was a special favourite with the King. Once when he was dining in the neighbourhood of Lulworth and found that Mr. Weld was among the guests but had not brought his daughter, he refused to sit down to table until Mr. Weld had driven back to fetch her. During the drive which was taking her into Royal presence, the girl asked her father's formal permission to become a nun, saying she felt sure that before the evening was over the King would ask her whether she was going into a convent. She had her way, and died at the Visitation Convent, Westbury, at the age of 91. When, in 1792, the Franciscan nuns were forced to fly from Bruges before the advance of the French army, two of Mr. Weld's daughters were with them. The Abbess, in her distress, appealed to him for help and advice. Amherst, in his *History of Catholic Emancipation*, tells the sequel, quoting a manuscript account still preserved in the Franciscan Convent at Taunton. After saying that it providentially happened that the King was at Weymouth when this letter was received, the writer continues: "Mr. Weld went there to pay his respects, and the good King asked him with great interest what had become of the English communities in the Low Countries, and specially after that in which his daughter was a novice. Mr. Weld described the situation all were in, and that they knew not whither to take refuge. The King immediately desired he would tell us to come to England, and that he would take care we were not molested, and added of his own accord, 'Tell them to bring their Church vestments, breviaries, and such like; I will give orders that they shall pass the Custom House.' His Majesty recollected that by law these things were condemned to the flames." The King was as good as his Royal word, and the boxes containing the compromising articles were passed without being opened.

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decade Catholicism made such strides in the country that it was found necessary to raise Baltimore to the dignity of a metropolitan see, with four suffragan dioceses—those of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Bardstown. Archbishop Carroll received the pallium from the hands of his coadjutor in August, 1811. Then the advance of Catholicism was all along the line, and before his death Archbishop Carroll had the satisfaction of knowing that during the twenty-five years of his episcopate the numbers of the clergy had been doubled and that the laity had been multiplied by four, while in all that regarded the organization of the Church the progress recorded had been even more remarkable. Of all the works to which the Archbishop set his hand, perhaps the closest to his heart was his seminary, but in that he was so helped, and through a long course of years, by the Sulpician Fathers that it made less demand upon his personal care than did his other great scheme, the college at Georgetown. For the partial endowment of this institution the Archbishop, with the approval of his Chapter, proposed to set apart a portion of the former Jesuit property.

This brought him into conflict with his old brethren, the ex-Jesuits, who, looking forward to the restoration of the Society, were opposed to anything which involved the alienation of any of their former property. Writing to Plowden in 1787 Carroll says: "They positively assert that any appropriation to the school (though made by the representative body of the clergy, as has been the case) of estates now possessed by us is a violation of the rights of the Society; thus supposing that a right of property can exist in a non-existing body; for certainly the Society has no existence here." In the end the larger and more generous view prevailed and all opposition to the appropriation of the money was withdrawn. From the outset the Archbishop foresaw that, as actually happened, when the Society was restored the college would be placed under its care. A few years later, however, the Archbishop was again in conflict with many members of the ex-Jesuit body—a conflict which lasted almost till the end of his

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life. The conflict was none of his seeking, and it was made inevitable by circumstances wholly beyond his control. He was as keen as any of his critics for the interests of the Society, but he was also responsible for the spiritual welfare of half a continent.

The story of the restoration of the Society may well be considered as the most curious chapter in the ecclesiastical history of the last century. In the words of Professor Guilday: "From August 16th, 1773, until August 7th, 1814, the Society of Jesus was outlawed by the Church of God." In fact, however, there was one part of the world—White Russia—where the suppression, owing to the opposition of the Empress Catherine, had never been canonically carried out. This accidental exception to the effect of the decree of Clement XIV gave an opportunity for a reconsideration of policy. In 1801 by the Brief *Catholicæ Fidei*, Pius VII formally acknowledged and approved the existence of the Society in Russia. But though this at once raised the hopes of the Jesuits and their friends all over the world it was in itself a small mercy. The Brief concerned Russia only, and conferred no right upon the General of the Society to concern himself with other countries.

Then began a wonderful game of cross-purposes and misunderstandings. It was reported that the Jesuits in England had received verbal permission from the Pope to affiliate themselves to the Russian province of the Society. This verbal permission, the celebrated *vivæ vocis oraculum*, was understood to have been obtained by Father Angelioni who was agent in Rome for Father Gruber, the General of the Society in Russia. In any case this would have seemed a singular way of putting an end to so formal a document as the Bull of Clement XIV; but all sorts of mystifications followed. It was soon apparent that if this permission had ever been given it had never been communicated to Propaganda. The historian of the Society in North America, Father T. Hughes, says: "The Sacred Congregation, using its ordinary authority and only the official data communicated to it, issued docu-

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ments in a sense quite different from the Pope's private utterances, or *vivae vocis oracula*." This is a mild statement of the case. When Cardinal Borgia, the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, heard that the ex-Jesuits in England had placed themselves under the authority of Father Gruber and actually opened a novitiate at Hodder, he wrote to Bishop Douglass, of the London district, protesting against any recognition of the Jesuits in England, and pointed out that the Society was sanctioned only in Russia. In a later letter, in March, 1804, addressed to Bishop Milner, he denied the existence of the alleged *vivae vocis oraculum*, and declared definitely that the General of the Jesuits had no authority to revive the Society outside of Russia.

But in that crisis of their fortunes the English Jesuits acted with confidence and courage. They thought they knew, and did know, the mind of Pius VII, and it was not their business to inquire why Cardinal Borgia was not equally well-informed. They decided, therefore, just to "carry on."

Meanwhile, contradictory accounts of what was happening in Europe had crossed the Atlantic. For years together the peace of the Church in America was vexed by the uncertainties of the position, and the misunderstandings it led to. Naturally, when they heard what was being done in Russia, and knew that a novitiate had been opened at Hodder, with Charles Plowden as novice master, the little remnant of the ex-Jesuit body in America was eager and impatient to be up and following her example. But to the Archbishop the problem that presented itself was full of complexity. He was the guardian of the interests of the whole American Church, and was well aware of the official declarations of Propaganda. When at length, after many disappointments and delays, caused by the great difficulty of communicating with Europe, he was satisfied as to the true position of affairs, his action was characterized by that mingling of sympathy, firmness and prudence which seems to have marked all the leading acts of his administration. He took steps to

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facilitate the aggregation of his brethren, the American ex-Jesuits, to the Russian province of the Society, and, making use of the powers delegated to him by Father Gruber in June, 1805, appointed Father Robert Molyneux to be the first superior of the restored Order. But though the Jesuits were now free to bind themselves by vow to live in obedience to the General in Russia, and to conform to the rules of the Society, they were not yet, in the judgment of the Archbishop, entitled to the full privileges of a religious order—they could be claimed only when “the destroying Brief of Clement XIV” had been annulled and repealed by some act of equal authority, publicity and authenticity. From that opinion he never swerved. Writing to Plowden, he expressed his mistrust of the *viva voce* way of restoring the Society in these words: “I would neither trust to it myself, or advise others to do so; in which opinion I am confirmed the more by knowing that His Holiness either will not, or dares not, to exert authority enough to prevent Cardinal Borgia from writing such a letter” as that to the English Vicars-Apostolic. In a letter to Father Stone, the English Superior of the Jesuits, referring to the members of the restored Order, he says: “Their sacrifice is highly meritorious before God, but in the face of the Church, those who enter into Orders, and those who are already in them, must be subject to the general discipline as to their title for ordination, and be, as secular priests, under the authority of the bishops.” As a consequence of this attitude, during the eight years the private (*foro interno*) re-establishment of the Society lasted, there were frequent occasions for friction, and the Archbishop sometimes found himself in conflict with those with whom conflict was the most painful. In December, 1814, the Bull *Sollicitudo omnium ecclesiarum*, which annulled the act of Clement XIV, and in full canonical form restored the Society of Jesus throughout the world, reached America. It came as a great gladness to the Archbishop and sweetened all the rest of his days.

It may be of interest here to glance at the Archbishop's

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views on one or two ecclesiastical matters. He was very tenacious in his opinions and there is nothing in Professor Guilday's exhaustive biography to suggest that, in later life, he changed his mind on the question of prayers in the vernacular. Shortly after the close of the war of Independence he wrote, in regard to "the use of the Latin tongue in the public liturgy":

Can anything be more preposterous than an unknown tongue? And in this country, either for want of books or inability to read, the great part of our congregations must be utterly ignorant of the meaning and sense of the public office of the Church. To continue the practice of the Latin liturgy in the present state of things must be owing to chimerical fears of innovation, or to indolence and inattention in the first pastors of the national Churches in not joining to solicit, or indeed ordain, this necessary alteration.

This expression of opinion drew several remonstrances from both England and Ireland. In a letter of reply he maintains his view: "Before I had a thought of ever being in my present station, I expressed a wish that the pastors of the Church would see cause to grant to this extensive continent jointly with England and Ireland, etc., the same privilege as is enjoyed by many Churches of infinitely less extent; that of having their liturgy in their own language; for I do indeed conceive that one of the most popular prejudices against us is that our public prayers are unintelligible to our hearers." At the same time he disclaims any intention of trying to bring about changes "which far exceed my powers, and in which I should find no co-operation from my clerical brethren in America were I rash enough to attempt their introduction on my own authority."

He had strong convictions as to the value of a resident clergy and thought little good resulted from the efforts of visiting priests:

To pass through a village where a Roman Catholic clergyman was never seen before; to borrow of the parson the use of his meeting-house or church, in order to preach a sermon; to go or send about the village, giving notice at every house that a priest

The Father of

is to preach at a certain house, and there to enlarge on the doctrines of our Church; this is a mode adopted by some amongst us for the propagation of religion. But I would rather see a priest fixed for a continuance in the same place, with a growing congregation under him, than twenty such itinerant preachers. The only effect I have seen from these is to make people gaze for a time, and say the preacher is a good or a bad one; but as soon as he is gone on his way to think no more about him.

Archbishop Carroll shared to the full the veneration of his countrymen for George Washington. When the news of his death came, the Archbishop issued a circular in which he advised that those of his clergy who felt called upon to renew in the pulpit their recollection of "the talents, virtues and services of the deceased General," should model their discourse not as an ordinary funeral sermon, but rather "compose an oration, such as might be delivered in an Academy, and on a plan bearing some resemblance to that of Saint Ambrose on the death of the young Emperor Valentinian." The Archbishop himself set a brave example, and delivered a long discourse which seems to have given general satisfaction, and to have been regarded as not inadequate to the high occasion—although he admitted that he approached his great theme with "an exhausted imagination."

When the second war with Great Britain was pending, the sympathies of Archbishop Carroll were wholly with those of his countrymen who tried so hard to prevent the futile and disastrous struggle. Baltimore had its full share of the horrors of the strife that followed, and in a letter to Charles Plowden the Archbishop gives a lively account of the bombardment of the city. When the attack failed, with the death of General Ross, the Archbishop ordered a solemn *Te Deum* to be sung. But however closely identified with the cause of his countrymen his sympathies may have been, he never lost his sense of proportion, or doubted that Great Britain, through all those terrible years, was the bulwark of the liberties of the world. When the crowning mercy of Waterloo came he paid a tribute to England of which her sons may still be proud: "The

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glory of your country is at its highest elevation. To have stood alone against an overwhelming power, which compelled submission from every power in Europe until it was met by British arms, and to have at length reanimated the trembling nations to shake off their yoke, is the exclusive merit of Englishmen, as His Holiness truly compliments them in his letter to the bishops of Ireland."

Less than three months after those words were written, Archbishop Carroll died in Baltimore, December 3rd, 1815, in his eighty-first year. The Father of the American Church, he holds a place in the hearts of the Catholics of the United States from which it is difficult to believe that either time or events can displace him.

J. G. SNEAD-COX.

THE IRISH SAINTS

THE Rev. Charles Plummer, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, has just published, at the Clarendon Press, two most valuable volumes on the Irish Saints, *Bethada Na'em n Ereann*. His former work, before the war, dealt with the Latin Lives of the Irish Saints in two volumes, and both these monumental works, with their copious notes in elucidation of linguistic, palæographical, topographical, or genealogical matter display his painstaking scholarship. The present volumes deal with ten saints' lives in the Irish language, of which five are represented by more than one document, viz., SS. Brendan of Clonfert, Ciaran of Saigir, Maedoc of Ferns, by two lives each; SS. Coemgen of Glendaloch, and Mochuda, *alias* Carthach of Lismore, by three lives each; whilst one life each is given of SS. Abban, Bairre, *alias* Finbar of Cork, Berach, Colman Ela, and Ruadan. *The interest of this collection is that all but two of the above lives have not hitherto been edited.* Mr. Plummer has not included the Gaelic lives, SS. Fechin, Finan, Moling, Molaisse, and Ciaran of Clonmacnois, because these four have been printed already by various scholars, such as Stokes, O'Grady, and MacAlister, nor has he printed eight lives such as those of SS. Ailbe, Declan, the earlier life of St. Finan and St. Mocheomoc, which are merely literal translations of the Latin lives previously published by him or by others, and which, therefore, add nothing to our knowledge. In Mr. Plummer's Latin Lives no less than thirty-two saints are given, and he tells us in the Introduction to his Irish lives that he does not know of the existence of Irish lives of the following fourteen saints, viz.: SS. Aed mae Bric, Boecius, Cainnech, Comgall, Cronen, Enda, Fintan, Gerald, Ita, Mochua, Molua, Munnu, Samthann, and Tigernach; and Celtic scholars might with advantage keep a look out for these in likely libraries at home or abroad, as it is highly probable that some of them still survive buried away or bound up with other matter. Were it not for the patriotic and pious

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zeal of the Franciscan lay brother, Michael O'Clery, who was one of the compilers of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, we should have lost many of the Lives given in these latest volumes of Mr. Plummer. O'Clery occasionally protests against the wise decision of his Superiors that he should copy faithfully, without any attempts to improve upon the originals. The present reviewer will not attempt to deal with the linguistic side of the book, which would be beyond his powers, but will limit himself to pointing out certain features and anecdotes in the lives which are of general interest to all of the Celtic race, both in Scotland (which owes so much to hosts of these early wanderers to whom her conversion was due) and in Ireland, where the memories of the saints of Gaeldom have been so vividly preserved.

The Life of St. Bairre (Finbar) of Cork, as our author points out, furnishes "very interesting evidence of the existence of groups of federated monasteries and churches owning the supremacy of Cork," and his theory is "that the supremacy of Cork over these groups was due to the fact that the original holders of the subordinate churches were pupils of the original founder of Cork, and had commended their churches to him. Such a relationship would be perfectly possible, though it would probably be rash to assert that it held good in every one of these cases. But the evidence of federation is valuable, even though the origin of the tie may have been different for different members of the federation."

In St. Brendan's life a beautifully told story of a young harper occurs. Seven years before the saint's death he was keeping Easter at Clonfert. The Hours, Sermon, and Mass were finished, and by midday the monks had passed to the refectory, Brendan being left alone in the church. There was a young clerk with them and he had a little harp in his hand which he began to play to the monks, and they blessed him for it. "I should be wondrous pleased now," said the young clerk, "if Brendan would admit me into the church, that I might play three strains to him." "He will not admit thee," said the monks; "for

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seven years past Brendan has never smiled, and has never listened to any music in the world ; but two balls of wax tied together with a thread are always on the book in front of him, and whenever he hears any music he puts the balls into his ears." "I will go," said the young clerk, "to play the harp to him."

So the young clerk with his harp ready tuned in his hand went to the church door. "Open," said he. "Who is there?" said Brendan. "A young clerk to play the harp to thee," said he. "Play outside," said Brendan. "If thou dost not mind, I should be glad if thou wouldst admit me into the church to thee." "Very well," said he, "open the door." The young clerk set his harp on the floor between his feet. Brendan puts the two balls of wax into his two ears. "I like not," said the harper, "to play to thee on that wise unless thou take the wax out." "I will do so," said the saint, and he laid the wax balls on his book. Then he played three strains to him. "A blessing on thee, young clerk," said Brendan, "and the music of heaven to thee hereafter."

Then Brendan replaced the balls into his ears, for he did not care to listen to any music of this world. "Why dost thou not listen to music?" said the young clerk. "Is it because thou deemest it bad?" "Nay, young clerk," said he, "not that. But seven years ago this very day I was in this church after mass and sermon, all the young clerks had gone to the refectory and I was left here alone. A great yearning for my Lord seized me after my communion. While in that state, fear and trembling took me, and I saw a bird on the window, which settled on the altar. I could not look upon it for the sun-bright beams that were around it. 'Give us thy blessing, O cleric,' said he. 'May God bless thee,' said I, 'and who is it?' 'Michael the Angel come to converse with thee.' 'I thank God indeed—and why art thou come?' said I. 'To sain thee, and to play to thee, for thy Lord.' 'Thou art welcome to me,' said I. He drew his beak across the wattle of his wing and I listened till the same hour on the following day, and then he bade me

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farewell." Here Brendan drew his book-mark across the neck of the harp, saying, "Does that seem sweet to thee, young clerk? I declare before God, not sweeter to me is any music in the world compared with that music than the sound made by this book-mark. And take my blessing, and heaven be thine in return for playing to me."

There is also the curious story, possibly already known, of how the chief saints of Erin, viz., Columcille, Ciaran of Clonmacnois, Molaise, Dabeog, Finnian, and Ruadan of Lothra, came to King Diarmait mac Cerbaill because a palisade of red yew round the house of Aed Guaire had been broken down by the standard-bearer of Diarmait's named Aed Baclam, in order that he might bear the King's spear crosswise. For this the standard-bearer was slain by Aed Guaire, and the latter had taken refuge with St. Ruadan. Each party proceeded to fast against each other for a whole year, and at the end of this period the saints offered to pay a ransom for the prisoner who had been seized out of Ruadan's keeping by the King. Diarmait, thinking such a ransom as that of fifty blue-eyed horses would be impossible for the saints to produce, asked for such. But Brendan, being on the seas at the time, had a divine revelation and came back to Ireland bringing with him fifty ocean seals and, making as many excellent horses of them, took them with him to Tara, and the assembled saints sent word to Diarmait to come and receive the ransom. The King came, and the horses were brought to him and horsemen set upon them. "And the seals would not brook whip or spur from the followers of Diarmait, and they carried the King's men against their will into the Boyne, where the horses were turned into seals in the sight of the men of Erin, and some of Diarmait's men were drowned and the others only got to land with great difficulty."

In the Life of St. Ciaran of Saighre will be found the curious tale of his raising to life the seven murdered harpers and minstrels of Aengus, King of Munster, whose bodies had been concealed in a loch on the shores of which the saint performed "cross-vigil" until the waters sub-

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sided with a mysterious ebb and revealed the bodies.* In his life also occurs the story of the blackberries he found in a tall brake, round whose plant he tied a wisp of rushes which kept them available for medical uses (such as the cure of love-sickness) whenever he sought them, even up to Low tide (Little Easter). "He never wore woollen clothing but the skins of wolves and other brute beasts."

In the Life of St. Coemgen (Keeren), founder of Glendalough, is the anecdote of the water-monster which the saint drove out of the smaller of the two lochs, which is or was specially visited by men and cattle for the curing of maladies. The writer of this review visited the whole district and the famous bed or cave of the saint about twenty-five years ago. "In Lent, Coemgen went into a wattled hut built on a bare stone, standing in cross-vigil for six weeks for the sake of God." A blackbird perched on the saint's hand and built a nest, staying on it till she hatched her young, and Coemgen refused an angel's request to leave the hut until he obtained "from God the freedom of his successors and his monks and of his tributaries and the maintenance of his churches within and without. The angel gave him seven times the full of the glen in the Day of Judgment, and a little spear of red gold in Coemgen's hand." So it came that "many kings and chiefs among the Kings of Erin and out of Britain chose to be buried in Glendalough for love of God and Coemgen." Moreover, Glendalough is one of the four best cemeteries (literally Romes of burial, for earth from Rome had been brought there) in Erin. One day the saint protected a wild boar from the pursuing hounds. Colman, chief of Ni Muiredach, was much annoyed by the carrying away of his children by the fairy

* Here the other life of St. Ciaran adds that he restored them to life after they had been a month under the loch. "And that they took their harps and played them and sang their song so that the King and his hosts fell asleep with the music. And from that time forth the loch has no water in it, and it is called Loch na Cruiteann (Loch of the Harps), or in the first Life Loch na Cruitirigh (of the Harpers)." Can this spot still be identified as a peat moss? It is somewhere in Muscraige, which I take in this instance to be Muskerry in County Cork, which anciently extended into Kerry.

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folk or sprites. At length a child was born to him, and he sent him to Coemgen to be baptized and placed under the saint's protection; and Coemgen loved the infant and took him as his foster-child afterwards to the discomfiture of Caineog, a fairy witch. When this saint was in Cell Iffin in Lent an otter (who once fished his psalter out of the lough) used to bring a salmon daily to the convent, but Cellach, one of the monks, thought that a fine glove might be made out of the otter's skin; but the beast understood his thought and ceased to perform his service to the monks, and Cellach confessed his thoughts to Coemgen, who sent him away to Cell Cellaig. Seven visits to Glendalough came to be regarded as equivalent to one visit to Rome, and in the third life of St. Coemgen it is asserted that the four chief pilgrimages of Erin are the Cave of St. Patrick in Ulster, Croagh Patrick in Connaught, Inis na m-Béo (Isle of the Living) in Munster, and Glendalough in Leinster. Various other stories of animals occur in this saint's lives. He is stated to have died at the beginning of the reign of Suibhne Menn, King of Ireland (who was fifth in descent from Niall of the nine hostages), at the advanced age of 129 years. He has an old ruined church near the Mull of Kintyre in Argyll, and another one, which was a parish church in the same peninsula, west of the town of Campbeltown, and another near by at Kilwhipnach, so he certainly laboured in that district.

The next Life, that of St. Colman Ela, who died September 26th, 611, is equally interesting to Scotsmen, as there is a reference, which does not occur in the Latin lives, to the saint's visit to Scotland, where he left his name in the parish of Kilcalmonel in Knapdaill in Argyll, and Colmonell in Ayrshire. He was a sister's son to St. Columba of Iona, and there occur, in the Life, St. Blaán (Bishop of Kingarth in Bute) and St. Cairell or Coirill, the bishop who founded Killespuigkerrill in Lorne, Argyll, who occur as St. Colman Ela's companions when an attack was made on one of these mysterious water-monsters in Loch Ela: this monster was the first creature

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buried in the cemetery of Land Ela. "And they constructed a great work there, to wit a causeway; and the length of the causeway was from Land Ela to Coill an Clair (the wood of the level); and swans used to come every hour to sing to them and relieve their fatigue; so that for this reason the place was called Land Ela (Swans' land).^{*} The occasional pious thefts by the monks of one monastery from those of another are illustrated in this. St. Cormac Ua Liathain was Abbot of Durrow when St. Columcille was away in Scotland or elsewhere. Cormac's monks, without his leave, came to steal the earth which came from Rome in seven sacks from St. Gregory and which had been shaken over the length and breadth of St. Colman Ela's cemetery in order that none buried in it should see hell. The thieving monks came as far as the stone enclosure of the burial ground, and they only succeeded in carrying off some of the earth that was nearest them on the outside of the enclosure. Colman and his monastic "familia" noticed this on the morrow and followed the track of earth as far as Durrow. Columcille came home at that very hour, and with a sinister smile Colman greeted him and stated his grievance, adding that it was not the Roman earth which they got. Columcille begged Colman not to curse him, as reparation would be made. Colman replied he would curse not him but Cormac Ua Liathain, to whom he hoped that in all Erin there might not be a man of his race owning so much as a townland or a half-townland, and that wolves might devour his flesh at the last. Columcille offered to restore the earth, but Colman then said he did not wish that but that he prayed God it might have for Columcille the virtue of the earth of Rome from henceforth.

The Life of St. Maedoc (or Moeog) of Ferns contains much interesting matter; for instance, a description of the customs at the Coronation of the King of Breifne—how the twelve co-arbs of Maedoc are to go round him in procession,

^{*} Ela is really a stream which gave name to the Saints Church of Llanel, now Lynally, in King's County

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to wit, O'Farrelly, O'Fergus, O'Shallow, O'Connaghty, Magauran, O'Duffey, O'Duigenan, O'Cassidy, the co-arbs of Caillin, of Presbyter Fraech, and of Bishop Finnchu (viz., Finchad) are to march round him . . . "and let O'Duffey give the wand (of office) to the King of Breifne in honour of Maedoc. *And this wand must be cut from the hazel of Maedoc in Sescenn Uairbeoil in Leinster, which place is now called Disert Maedoc.*" The King should give his horse and robes to the family (viz., the monks) of Maedoc, or else ten horses or twenty kine. The variegated bachuil (crozier) of Maedoc is to be carried round the King to pledge him to do right between man and man, whether weak or powerful. It is to be carried, moreover, in front of the men of Breifne in every battle and contest, and is to go round them right-handwise and they shall return safe; and a covering of silk for the bachuil's protection when necessary or a gold noble is to be given by sons of kings and chiefs. Also it rests with the King himself to exact the tribute and dues of Maedoc from small and great throughout his land and lordship, and unless the tribute is paid the family (monastic) of Maedoc are to fast thrice on the Ui Briuin; the first fast at Drumlane in the great church, the second at Lec na Nemand where Maedoc used to perform vigil, etc., and the third at Rossinver, for it is there that God and Maedoc most hear the prayers of each one of his family and the Bachuill Brec (variegated crozier) to be turned widdershins against them afterwards . . . He is no King or Chief who is not ordained on this wise.

Of the inauguration of kings and chiefs in early Erin these curious lives of the saints often contain valuable notices—of the inaugurations of "Republics" or of what the behaviour of Bachuils and their bearers would then have been we hear nothing whatever, for it was ever kings and chiefs who were the nursing fathers and protectors of the saints and their shrines and churches.

We are also told of some of St. Maedoc's adventures during his visit to St. David of Menevia, and of a visit paid at Taghmon to the holy Abbot St. Munnu, son of

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Tulchan, whose monks he sained of a sickness. Another day Maedoc went to a lofty place in Munnu's Church, and the latter asked him what he saw exactly. Maedoc made the sign of the Cross over the Abbot's eyes, who then saw all that Maedoc saw, "to wit, the whole great world from sunrise to sunset as if it were but the measure of a single furlong." [The connection between these two saints may be the reason that the parish of Kilmodan in Argyll (*if Modan is another hypocoristic form of Maedoc's name*) is found next to St. Munnu's well-known Scottish parish and foundation of Kilmun on the Holy Loch, whilst the very next parish of Kilmolaise or Strachur is known to be dedicated to St. Molaise of Leithglen who on the tonsure question opposed St. Munnu at the famous Synod of the White Plain.]

In Maedoc's testament he leaves various holy bells, such as the one called "of the brooch" and the one "of the Hours," and his wonder-working reliquary to Drumlane, whilst the "Bachall Brec" and his white one, and the "Mac Ratha" (apparently a bell) to Rossinver of the Angels where he desired his own body to lie till the day of doom with angels to guard them in high honour. This Life, in its two versions interspersed with long poems, takes up a considerable space in Mr. Plummer's book.

St. Mochuda or Carthach of Lismore began life herding his father's swine, and on visiting the fort of a neighbouring king attracted the monarch, for he was well favoured, like David, and the King had a vision of a crown on the boy's head, a golden column towering from him heavenwards, and about him a golden palace with no top to it; and Mochuda went on with his swine through the woods of the Maine, and he heard the aged Bishop St. Carthagus chanting Psalms, and the boy became spellbound at the sound and he followed the monks to the Monastery of Tuam. The King, who was at a banquet at the house of Mochuda's father, sent men to pursue the boy and he was brought back and offered military arms, which he refused, saying he preferred the chant of the monks; so he was allowed to remain with the aged bishop till he

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became a priest, and then the king, kneeling, offered himself and his people to God and Mochuda, and the youthful saint placed his foot on the king's neck, saying that the members his foot had touched should fear neither weapons nor disease. We are told a story of a miraculous apple-tree fruiting in March, of two deer who ploughed a poor man's land for him and then returned to their own wild life, and about his well-known expulsion from Rahen by the King of Tara, and of how the Queen of the Deisi had a vision of an innumerable flock of birds coming to their country and the leading bird settling on Maelochtrais, the king, who knew that this was the coming of St. Mochuda to his territory, where he settled Lismore (the great fort) upon the saint and his train, who are stated to have numbered 847 persons on leaving Rahen. It was at Rahen that Constantine, son of Fergus, King of Alba (Scotland), came to Mochuda, and it was he who marked out its church and cultivated Constantine's plot to the south of Rahen and Magh Constantine on the bank of the Brosny at Ath Maighne. Constantine was allowed to revisit his clan in Scotland and it was no doubt at this time that he founded his Church of Govan on the Clyde, of which he is still Patron, and the parish of Kilchouslan in Kintyre, Argyll. A strange anecdote occurs of the attempt of the dead monks buried at Rahen to pass with Mochuda to Lismore, which he forbad, saying, "Remain here, for there are not two resurrections in the Gospel; and I will come on the Judgment with all my monks to the cross of Constantine in front of the church and together we will go to the assize of doom." At the end of the Expulsion Story we are given a saying of the Saints which deals with restlessness and is useful for our own days:

It is good for a clerk to reside in one place
And attend the (canonical) hours.
It is mocking devils that put
The spirit of restlessness in a man.

The last Life dealt with is that of St. Ruadan, the famous Munster saint, and we read of a wonderful tree

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in his monastery from which an angelic sap distilled continually with the scent of wine, and those who had once tasted of it became "satiated," and the rest of the saints of Erin are depicted as jealous of Ruadan for having such a possession, and St. Finnian of Clonard even went the length of "saining" the tree, so that at supper the guest saints were in danger of having nothing to eat or drink, but a salmon appeared and some water was changed into wine and thus the strangers were satisfied. "The saints entreated Ruadan with earnest prayer that he would come into conformity with themselves and with their monks in (ordinary) human life that they might not be jealous of him," to which he agreed humbly, on which St. Finnian blessed him and his monastery. This story clearly veils some inter-monastic or perhaps inter-tribal dispute, as it says, "We Saints returned severally from Ruadan in lasting peace." There is an allusion to a "geis" (tabu) on the Kings of Tara that sunrise should never overtake them within the seven ramparts of Tara, which "geis" may have had its origin in the sun-worship of the long line of pre-Christian kings. This passage occurs just before the account of King Diarmid's altercation with St. Ruadan and the story of the thirty blue sea-horses which this saint successfully raced against the horses of Tara.

The Reviewer has but touched on a small portion of what is contained in this fascinating work of the Rev. Charles Plummer, and hopes that all lovers of the Saints of Gaeldom, and hagiologists in general and students of that ancient tongue that lives on in his own lands in Alba, as well as in Erin, will derive as much delight as he has done from a perusal of its pages and of its ample notes. Passing through that change called "death" by the world of mortality—dead, yet alive for evermore, these long-glorified saints, who drew both Erin and Alba to the Rood of the Redeemer, are no pale shadowy names that faintly glow in the dim dawn of an insular Christendom—found merely in litanies on fading parchments. They live in the

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Propers of many a Celtic diocese and in the numerous spots hallowed by them in their earthly sojourn, for whose peoples they ceaselessly pray in the Heavenly Kingdom.

ARGYLL.

In festo St. Andreae, Apo. Mart., Scottorum Patroni.

JANET ERSKINE STUART*

THE Society of the Sacred Heart was founded at Paris "by two or three gathered together" on November 21st, 1800. In the following year its first convent and a school, of twenty children, were established at Amiens by the Blessed Sophie Barat, daughter of a small Burgundian wine-cooper and vine-grower, and two other nuns. The seed fell upon good soil. When Janet Erskine Stuart became Superior-General of the Society in 1911, it numbered 6,500 religious of all nations, and possessed 140 convents in many parts of the world. Mother Stuart was the sixth Superior-General. Mother Barat had governed the Society from its birth until her death in 1865. She was succeeded by Mother Goetz, of Alsace, who died in 1874. Next came Mother Adèle Lehon, born in Hainault, who lived until 1894, then Mother de Sartorius, born at Aix-la-Chapelle, who died in 1895, then came Mother Mabel Digby, who lived until 1911, and then Mother Janet Stuart, who died in 1914. Mabel Digby and Janet Stuart were members, the first of a distinguished English, and the second of a distinguished Scottish, family, settled as land-owners in Ireland since the Seventeenth Century, both families being strongly Protestant. The Digbys were planted in central Ireland, the Stuarts, of Castle Stuart, in Ulster.

Janet's father, the youngest son of Robert, Earl of Castle Stuart, took orders, and held the living of Cottesmore in Rutlandshire. By two wives he had thirteen children, and Janet was the thirteenth. She was born at Cottesmore, November 11th, 1857. Her mother was a Noel, niece of the first Earl of Gainsborough who died in 1866. His heir, the second Earl, had become a Catholic, with all his family, and, since their house,

* *Life and Letters of Janet Erskine Stuart, Superior-General of the Society of the Sacred Heart, 1857 to 1914.* By Maud Monahan, with an Introduction by His Eminence Cardinal Bourne. Longmans, Green and Co.

Janet Erskine Stuart

Exton, is close to Cottesmore, and one of them, Lady Edith Noel, was not only a cousin, but a close friend, this proximity had its influence upon Janet Stuart. Cottesmore is the heart of a fox-hunting country, and country life and the horse were her earliest passions. To the end of her life she liked to use images drawn from the hunting field. "More luminous than any treatise on the spiritual life," wrote one of her friends, "was this word of hers to me, 'Don't let the sportsman die within you. Handle your rebellious nature as your father taught you to handle your Arab chestnut.'" And what a fine figure is this in a letter to a girl entering the world: "One of the hardest and most precious lessons is to wait for God. So you are standing at the covert side, and you cannot tell which way the hounds will break covert. But when they do, then may you have a line of country before you which will make you forget all the beauty and the glory of your woodlands, and gallop till you are spent." She said in a letter to a friend five years before her death: "I cannot tell you the admiring envy I feel for those whose earliest memories are of martyrs and saints and all the things of faith, and—perhaps you will laugh at this, but it is true—the admiration and envy for a life quite indifferent to horses and hunting—it seems to be ever on another plane." Janet might feel such admiration, yet, for her special calling, handling spirited horses served as a good preparation. None could better train, as children or novices, high-spirited and thoroughbred girls. Hunting calls for the faculties of daring, quick decision, and good judgment, and as she used to tell her novices, you must go through thorns and over fences, and taste of heavy going and light going, and have perhaps tumbles and rolls in the mud, all to be "in at the death."

One evening, when Janet was thirteen, she was sitting alone with her brother Douglas, who looked up from the book he was reading, and said, "Aristotle says every rational being must have a *telos*: What is yours?" "When he explained"—Janet wrote

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in a paper of 1883—"that a *telos* was a last end, I had to confess that I did not know, and so had he. But it seemed to me a very serious thing, to be thirteen years old, and not to know my last end. I made up my mind that it must be found. The search lasted seven years, and was one of the happiest times of my life. It began by examining the grounds of my faith, and then they all melted away." "At twenty," she says, "I reached a point that was more agnosticism than anything else. I had left off praying and stuck fast." But she read Catholic books, supplied by the Exton library, especially Archbishop Ullathorne's, and came to the conclusion that "there were only two alternatives, submission to the Catholic Church, or no fixed belief at all." By the advice of an Irish friend, she went to see Father Gallwey, of the London Jesuits, and soon came to a decision. Her father was much distressed, and tried various cures for this malady, such as sending her to stay, among Buxtons and Gurneys, at Cromer, and to be talked to by Mr. Gladstone, who was often called in by parents in such sad cases. The great statesman told her that she was "committing the grave sin of moral suicide," and that her "mistake was to want a philosophy as well as a religion." He also said that he had noticed "mental and moral deterioration" in all his friends who were received into the Roman Church. This was a favourite remark of his, and those who would like to know how far from the truth, in both respects, it was, should read the Life of Janet Stuart.

She was received on March 6th, 1879, at the Altar of the Sacred Heart at Farm Street. She was then twenty-two. Her father, though kind, did not think that, as a Rector, he ought to let her live at home, and she spent the next three years with friends in Ireland and London. In Donegal she had salmon fishing, and from London good hunting in the Leighton Buzzard country. She kept in touch all the time with Father Gallwey, who gently drew her towards her high vocation. At last the moment came. She wrote:

One day, it was May 6th, 1882, when I was walking up through

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Regent's Park to the Helpers of the Holy Souls, I was thinking of religious life, and saying to Almighty God, "O my God, I should like it very much, but You see it is impossible to think of it at present," and then and there, standing by the side of a bed of blue hyacinths—*factum est ad me verbum Domini*, and I saw it all. When I went into the convent chapel, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the nun who was on the *prie-Dieu* was replaced by another just as I came in. I asked as a sign that, if the word was from God, He would put me on the *prie-Dieu* instead of the nun who had just come in, and almost immediately she left the *prie-Dieu*, and came to beg me to take it, saying she felt too ill to stay—so I did not doubt further.

What different things are happening in the world at the same time. That same fine evening, about seven, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were murdered. The assassins were perhaps already waiting in the Dublin Park, while Janet Stuart, in the London one, paused by that bed of hyacinths. At a Retreat at Roehampton in July Janet Stuart sat on a bench on the terrace and asked herself: "Could I face the idea of never mounting a horse again . . . it was what cost me the most. Could I, for God, brace myself to accept life in thirty-three acres of ground?" At the end of the Retreat she was resolved, and after an "extreme desolation" . . . "a flood of consolation filled my soul. The chapel and every room at Roehampton were flooded with light and echoed glory." Roehampton, her biographer adds, "was ever to her the 'land of vision.'" "What a place it is," she wrote, the year of her death, in April, 1914. "There is life and light in everything and an atmosphere of God."

In the year before that, at Easter, 1913, on hearing of the death of one of the children, "that precious Mary," at Roehampton, she wrote from Rome to a nun:

My poor dear—I have had your letter this minute and read it with tears, for it is all so beautiful, and they may well say that Roehampton is "heaven on earth," to live and die in; it is passing from the vestibule (as Father Purbrick called it, i.e., the very vestibule of heaven) to the unveiled splendour within. I can see it all, the before and after, and you will tell me exactly where she rests. And may Our Lord be to you *lacrymarum*

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gaudium, your Paschal-tide joy, only more heavenly because God has accepted your pearl and let you prepare her for Him.

But to return to the year 1882. After a short visit to Donegal, and one last salmon-fishing, and a few painful days at a family meet at Cottesmore, Janet Stuart entered the convent as postulant on September 7th, and the fatal door closed behind her. "I know so well," she wrote many years later to one making the same passage, "what the last weeks in the world are before one enters, intense living and intense dying all in one. . . But trust it all to God, and He will see you through it." Except for six months at the Mother House, then at Paris, before her final vows, in 1889, Janet Stuart was at Roehampton working very directly under and for her Superior. In August, 1894, Mother Digby was elected to be Superior-General of the Society, and at once appointed Mother Stuart, now thirty-seven years old, to succeed her as Superior at Roehampton. Under her guidance, says her biographer, "Roehampton became more than ever an earthly paradise. She spent herself in creating happiness round her. To live with her was to live in an atmosphere of love and trust, all fear, all misunderstanding was banished."

But now Mother Stuart's travels began. As Vicar in England and Scotland she had to visit her several houses, and to repair annually to the Mother House at Paris to render an account of her vicariate. In 1897 she spent some weeks at the Trinitá dei Monti, the house of the Sacred Heart, at Rome, and saw Leo XIII, aged eighty-seven, who said to her, referring to the just closed controversy on Anglican Orders: "How gladly would I bring England back." In 1898 Mother Digby took her on a tour of inspection of the houses of the Society in Canada, the United States and Mexico. In 1901 Mother Stuart was nominated by Mother Digby to be Visitor of the houses in South America and the West Indies. This journey lasted from February to September. In 1910 she was at Rome for two months, sent to give evidence "in the cause" of Venerable Mother Duchesne, the foundress of the Society in America.

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Mother Digby died on May 21st, 1911, at Ixelles, near Brussels, to which the Mother House had been removed when the Society was expelled from France. She left the usual "secret note" nominating Mother Stuart to be "Vicar-General" during the interregnum. Mother Stuart at once went to Ixelles, and, save for a flying visit, never saw Roehampton again until she returned to die. On August 27th, she was elected to be Superior-General by the assembled Reverend Mother Vicars of many nations. After this she lived only three years and eight weeks. Of this time, says her biographer, "she spent six hundred and seventy-two days in visiting the houses in Belgium, Holland, Alsace-Lorraine, Austria, Hungary, Poland, Italy, Sicily, Malta, Spain, the Balearic Isles, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Canada, and some in the United States and United Kingdom. One hundred days were spent on sea, and one hundred and one convents were visited. She saw individually some four thousand seven hundred religious, also many bishops, priests, educational authorities, as well as countless friends of the Order." Her correspondence was enormous, and wherever she landed in her travels, piles of letters awaited her. She was not physically very strong at this age, and when she finally arrived in England from America at the end of June, 1914, for two weeks' repose at Roehampton, the community saw that all her strength was gone. On July 9th, she returned to Ixelles, and on August 20th, the German Army entered Brussels. Mother Stuart succeeded in escaping in a cart on September 3rd, and came over, after a miserable journey, by one of the last boats that got away from Ostend. She arrived at Roehampton utterly exhausted, and died there on October 21st, 1914.

That is, in bare outline, the life of Janet Stuart. One should add, that she wrote and published two books, one on the education of Catholic girls, and the other on the Society of the Sacred Heart, besides a number of short stories, plays, dialogues, and poems, more or less for private circulation and use in the schools. She wrote

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beautifully, both in prose and verse, always straight from herself and in a style marked by her individual character and turn of mind. Mother Maud Monahan quotes many pieces from these in the Life. She was also an admirable writer of letters, and, as she wrote constantly on her travels to the community at Roehampton, there is a great store of these. Here, for an example of her vivid style, is a description of a little school festival at Roehampton:

Tuesday evening we had a very delightful gathering with all the old ones present, a great crowd. The tableau of the "apotheosis" was quite lovely, though Mother X gently complained afterwards of the conduct of the cherubs who had surrounded our Venerable Mother in glory, how they had quarrelled, as the sons of Zebedee had quarrelled, to be "at the right and left in her glory," and had pulled each other's wings, and pinched each other's legs; the consequence was that, flushed with conflict, they looked perfectly lovely around and above and below her picture. All through this séance we had the old, old things sung by the school, Latin motets and French hymns that the oldest of the children remembered in their youth; they were quite delighted to hear them again.

Or this from Kenwood in the United States:

This morning we left Manhattanville. . . . Central Park was alive with lovely little grey squirrels with tails longer than their bodies, and we saw with delight the first snowdrops and daffodils. . . . Reverend Mother Margaret Moran is in joy untold, refreshing joy to look at. She is next to our Mother (Digby) in the stalls, and I am next to her, receiving all the electric shocks of her joy. She had the *Te Deum* sung, and shook the book under my eyes to make me look over and sing with her. It is really delightful to see anyone so happy.

Her travel-pictures are delicious; here is one, at Peschiera:

This morning I looked out of my window, between the dark and the light, on a beautiful snow scene, the more beautiful because there are both cedars and palms and a little plantation of spruce. I saw an old Mother come cautiously out of the house and look to the right and left, exactly as a fox does with one pad lifted when he does not like the look of things, and then she trotted off along the snowy path looking quite sporting, and adding the human element to the snow scene.

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Or a scene in Poland :

The last day I was here (at Leopold) the principal families of the neighbouring village came to see me in the most brilliant and elaborate costumes, dear souls, bringing wild flowers and cream cheeses. An old man driving a long wicker chariot with two beautiful horses asked me to drive round the grounds with him. I had to refuse for want of time, but sent the children instead. Two of the farmers had fiddles, and all of a sudden someone said "dance," and without a second's delay the men led off the maidens, and the courtyard was alive with dancers. The girls had such beautiful innocent faces, and their fair hair plaited in crowns; they danced with their eyes shut. Fra Angelico would have loved them as models for a Paradise.

Or this—what has become of the poor naughty little Archduchess ?

I passed through a class-room in Vienna, and found the *haute bourgeoisie*, with perfect plaits of hair and dimpled faces, listening, rapt, to the primeval tragedy of Adam and Eve, and in the corner was an Archduchess of eight, snorting and chafing, with face to the enemy and dishevelled curls. Her Imperial Highness had troubled the public peace and been "put away" by the gentle aspirant who did not like scenes.

She describes a group of novices at Santiago, in Chile :

They looked very like ours, standing together like a herd of deer, shaking their antlers, and looking over each other's heads and shoulders. Like ours, too, in that when they had the whole empty chapel before them, they would go four in a bench intended for three, and were making hospitable attempts to squeeze in a fifth when their elders interfered, also like in their eagerness for a *bouquet spirituel*, when I had not been five minutes with them.

One would like to quote scores of passages from these travel-letters, in which the vision of human souls incarnate is always beautifully interwoven with the vision of outward Nature. When Mother Digby wrote to tell her that she was to go on the South American voyage, Mother Stuart replied that she was

So grateful, dearest Reverend Mother, to be allowed to be of the smallest service to the most dear Society; too dazed at all the thoughts yet to take in more than *le stricte nécessaire*, and that is that I am most miserably insufficient, and that God is more,

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and a thousand times more than sufficient, and that He will see it through, since it is His will through you to send me. So *in verbo tuo laxabo rete*.

If anyone outside wishes to know what Catholics mean by "faith" he should read this book, and he will understand. Not opinion, but action—based upon trust in Christ and obedience to the Church.

Her love for the Society of the Sacred Heart was deep. On the occasion of the Beatification at Rome of its foundress in 1908, at which ceremonial she was present, she wrote to Mother Digby :

What a lovely thing the Society is. One realizes that more and more, and this year its beautiful build and constitution seem to come out all the more in the light that has fallen on us through the Beatification.

The volume contains a large number of Janet Stuart's letters relating to the spiritual life, many of them written to fortify, console, encourage, the desponding, or doubting, or sorely tried, or the discontented ; some, again, discussing with her more intimate friends questions of the religious life and progress of the soul on the path of perfection. On the whole, taking all her sides, there are few collections of letters that can equal these. The volume also contains appreciations by many who knew her, among the most striking those by Monsignor Brown and by Father Goodier, S.J., now Archbishop of Bombay. One may add, with an apology to the authoress for praise, that the book is admirably written and composed.

The impression made upon the reader is that Janet Stuart's life was, notwithstanding sufferings, a profoundly happy one, and that she had received the hundredfold even in this life promised by Our Lord to those who leave all and follow Him. Yet the price has to be paid, and the price in the case of each soul is different. Some seem almost born nuns by nature, others do not give up a very happy home life, or prospects of success in the outer world, or intellectual curiosities and aspirations. Janet Stuart surrendered more than most in every way. Her biographer notes the three elements of

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her sacrifice. The first was freedom, solitude in the country, and sport; the second, in her earlier convent life, the power of developing her mind and following her intellectual tastes in the way which best suited her; the third sacrifice was that she, who by nature would perhaps have been a Carmelite, if anything, had, by the rules of her Society, to pass through a rigid "grammar" of discursive meditation, in which, perhaps, some of those who enter the religious life are detained too long. At a certain point in mid-career, under spiritual advice, she could, and did, unfold a bolder wing and fly toward the heaven of affective prayer, and that state of continuous aspiration in which life and prayer become almost one. The authoress treats this matter with a delicate reserve, but she did well to touch on it. The life, intellectual and emotional, so severely cut back at first, grew all the stronger, as a pruned tree makes wood and produces the best fruit in the end. Yet Janet Stuart had known, she said to one close friend, "what crucifixion of the heart is." Archbishop Goodier shows well what she meant by this, but she lived through the valley of the shadow of death, and came to the heavenly Zion.

Describing Mother Stuart as she was after her return from South America to Roehampton in 1901, Mother Monahan writes :

All the gifts, all the tastes, all that she had been and done in childhood and in early youth, all that had seemed to be stifled, and wasted, and cast aside on entering, sprang again to life, and found, she said herself, the fullest outlet in religious life, "in my own Order, which I love beyond words, and in which I am so completely satisfied." There was about her at this time the serene confidence of one who had trusted and not been disappointed, of one who had staked all on a great venture of faith, and had found it a thousand times worth while.

Sportsman, lover of nature, poet, mystic, endowed with the keenest sense of humour, with gifts of heart as great as those of mind, clear-eyed and steady in her outlook on life, and, withal, the simplest, humblest, most lovable of God's saints, there were few souls with whom she could not find a point of sympathy and contact. And, as the third stage of her life, as she herself de-

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scribed it, now approached, " she came back gradually to creation, and saw all things, and all people, beautiful again, but in God."

The world is most beautiful to those who have given it up, because the will to possess or succeed does not disturb pure contemplation.

When Janet Stuart was on the brink of entering Roehampton, Father Gallwey said to one of the nuns: "Tell Mother Digby that if Miss Stuart offers herself for the noviceship, she is not to be refused. Tell her she is the most complete person I have ever met. After forty years' ministry in London, she will know what that means." If he could have lived to read this Life, her first guide would have felt that his judgment of the young Janet Stuart had been nobly justified.

The story of Mother Stuart's last days and hours is very moving and beautiful:

Gradually her power of speech began to fail, and her sentences were finished by signs. But as the things of earth faded, her vision of the other world became more and more a reality. That she was intensely happy was impressed upon all who approached her. "I never saw such peace; it is all beyond my comprehension," said the nurse, as she listened to the words which, from time to time, broke forth, revealing a complete inward contentment. "Very happy for you, Reverend Mother," whispered one of the nuns kneeling by her side. "Very happy, oh so happy," she repeated; then there was a pause, it seemed the thought had passed, when again the whisper came, "Oh, so happy." "You are going to God." "Yes, to God," and she dwelt with love on the word, which, years before, she had said it was her "rest" to say.

Such is the death of those who die in the Lord. On her last evening, wrote the nun who was then watching by her, "opening her eyes she looked up steadfastly, not with the fixed gaze of the dying, but with eyes beautiful beyond words. She appeared as if not more than twenty, her face glowed with colour, light streamed from her eyes, and a smile of intense happiness transfigured her. She spoke to God as to her Father."

BERNARD HOLLAND.

THE PASSION PLAY

WHEN the people of Oberammergau decided to revive the Passion Play in 1922 they were clearly taking a risk. It would not be fair on them to say that they conceived it as a commercial risk, for there can hardly exist in the post-war world a community where material advantage plays so insignificant a part. But a foreign boycott of the play would not only affect the spirit of Oberammergau itself, but must inevitably throw the political divisions of Christendom once again into rather uncomfortable relief. As things have turned out, the decision in favour of a revival has been entirely justified; and the very fact that the Play attracted a vast concourse of foreigners to the Bavarian Highlands was no small contribution to the work of international reconciliation which the Oberammergauers had avowedly in view when they made up their minds. Their own War Memorial, with the sixty-five names of the Fallen, had made a big hole in so relatively small a community; and to that had been added privations, political troubles, and all the other ravages that the war brought to the least bellicose of the belligerents. The task of reconstruction, even in so limited a field, was clearly no easier than in the wider.

If there was a risk of failure for the Oberammergauers, there was also a risk of disappointment for the visitor. The impressions of the 1910 production were still present, if hardly fresh, in many minds. But even the least resentful, the most sympathetic, were admittedly apprehensive of the effect of the changes that had occurred in the fateful interval not only on the production itself, but on their own minds. Prospective criticism, too, was often made in the nature of post-war rationalism rather than of lingering national antagonism. But the prevalent anticipation was that it would be spoilt, partly by the modernity of the producers, partly by the materialistic characters of the audience. This prediction, made tentatively as early as 1890, and repeated with certainty

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for 1910, has been belied. Strangely enough, the first published criticism by a spectator, Mr. Herman Ould, in the November number of *The English Review*, complains, not that it was spoilt, but that it was not. He went out for a Reinhardt or a Granville-Barker production, and he was disappointed to find no advance on the old properties and staging. No doubt he also regrets that the text was not elaborated by Hofmannsthal. He objects to the Old Testament Tableaux Vivants "that might be based on those coloured oleographs which disfigured the walls of Sunday Schools twenty years ago." Well, much of the presentation undoubtedly is on Victorian lines. But so are a great many other things which we have still to learn were not a fairly solid contribution to the stock of the permanent assets of the world, even of art. The criticism is characteristic of the modern mania for regarding as antiquated everything that happened before the post-Christian era. Let us grant that a Passion Play produced by Reinhardt would be a magnificent spectacular affair. If, in addition, the music were written by Strauss, it would attract a fashionable audience ready to pay a guinea instead of fourpence for each seat. But it would not be a Christian Passion Play, and probably only the Old Testament Tableaux Vivants would be realized. A percentage of the interested public is still, however, Christian; and it may yet be that the days of the present racial monopoly of art and music may pass, and the Christian Philistine come into his own once more. It seems a little hard that, ousted from Berlin and Vienna, he may not have his fling in one of the few untarnished oases that remain.

The real question is what is expected of a Passion Play in the Twentieth Century. What is, in fact, the essence of a Passion Play at any time? About this there seems to be a general misunderstanding, owing, perhaps, to the partial obscurity of a Passion Play's origin, and the curiously late period of history in which it developed. The association of religious drama with religious worship dates back at least to the Eleusinian Mysteries. At Eleusis,

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at any rate, a real Passion Play was enacted, and to a certain degree, as far as is known, on what are now familiar lines. The theme was the abduction of Proserpine, Demeter's daughter, by Pluto. This sinister being carries her off, with the connivance of Zeus, to Hades, and the bereft mother hunts her all over the earth. Finally, with the help of Helios, she discovers her, and after a series of negotiations, arrives at a compromise with Zeus, whereby Proserpine is permitted to live above ground for two-thirds of the year. This appears to have been the main Mystery enacted. There were evidently others. But the element of passion is markedly present. There were no scenic arrangements, which was, perhaps, just as well, considering that the plot was laid in either Heaven or Hell, and the theatrical effect was concentrated on the pageant. In this sacred personages were represented and women impersonated goddesses. The story was unfolded by a hierophant. But the play was also combined in some way or another with a liturgical service in which holy food or drink was partaken. A somewhat similar drama was enacted later by the Cretans in honour of the life and death of Dionysus: and here again the popular theme was the suffering of a god.

With the establishment of the Christian Church, drama of all kinds, including the religious, fell under a cloud as became the transition period from Paganism to Christianity, and when it eventually reappeared in its new guise, it was essentially monastic and instructive. There is a distinct reappearance in the Tenth Century in Saxony, and in the Eleventh it became normal to elaborate in a dramatic sense certain portions of the Mass. This happened in France as well as in Germany, but at first the production, such as it was, was confined to the clergy and was carried out in the churches themselves. Curiously enough, it was the Resurrection rather than the Passion which first provided the material. These elaborations in the liturgy, which went under the name of "Tropes," are chiefly traceable to the Benedictines of St. Gallen, and at first took the form of renderings by the choir of

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conversations between the Holy Women and the Angels, Pilate and the Jews, and so on.

The next stage in the evolution was the extension of the subjects treated to other scriptural stories, and in the Twelfth Century the productions were given outside the churches and in the vernacular in France, the Netherlands and even in the Colosseum in Rome, and *mysteries* and *moralties* became a recognized feature of national life. This was the time, of course, when the famous English Mysteries came into existence, and during the flourishing period of the Thirteenth Century the Coventry and Chester Plays were in full swing. By the end of the Fourteenth Century Passion and Easter Plays were given freely in Paris. At the same time the plays became thoroughly popularized, the comic element was introduced and devils began to play an important part in the castes.

Then came the Reformation. Luther permitted Biblical plays, chiefly for propaganda purposes, but they do not appear to have been a great success. An immediate effect, however, of the unrest created by religious strife in the main centres was to drive the existing Passion Plays from the towns to the villages and thence to the mountain fastnesses, which thus gradually acquired the practical monopoly to which we are accustomed to-day. The educated classes ceased to take part, and the performances passed almost exclusively into the hands of the peasantry.

About this time, too, began the opposition of both State and Church, which was destined to hamper and at times actually suppress the plays during the two succeeding centuries. There were various contributory causes to this dual hostility, though each institution was obviously prompted by a different motive. The Church, no doubt, had reason to frown. The introduction of the comic element was pardonable enough in its inception, and was compatible with the wholesome and jovial period of the age; but, under the influence of the Carnival plays that also came into existence in the course of time, the

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comic gradually developed into the coarse, and a limit of impropriety appears to have been reached which even the most easy-going of ecclesiastical authorities could hardly have tolerated. In addition to this, the Counter-Reformation developed an idea of art all its own; and the Jesuit drama at Vienna in the Seventeenth Century set a standard which entirely eclipsed the conceptions of the Thirteenth. The baroque triumphed in the very areas where the old Passion Plays had held chief sway. On top of this, again, came the Age of Enlightenment with its contemptuous rationalism, which affected even the peasant communities. The old primitive conceptions of drama were in many cases thrown over, and the villages began to ape the towns, to imitate the Jesuit drama and even copy the methods of Italian opera. Along with the ecclesiastical ban and the growth of religious scepticism went a corresponding hostility on the part of the State. In pre-Reformation days the State had necessarily promoted and participated in the productions, just as in Greek times had been the production of the Eleusinian Mysteries. But the religious revolution of the Sixteenth Century changed the whole situation, and the Parliament of Paris almost at once prohibited Passion Plays in France. The progressive secularization which characterized the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries necessarily involved a general policy of undermining all outward manifestations of religion, and increasing attempts were made to do away with them altogether. The peasantry of the Tyrol and Bavaria nevertheless manfully resisted all attempts to close down their plays, and in the little corner of the area covered by those countries where they had been most numerous and popular, namely between Rosenheim and Kufstein, there was not a village which abandoned its tradition. But towards the end of the Eighteenth Century even they were finally defeated. The Bavarian Government suppressed Oberammergau in 1770; and, shortly afterwards, Joseph II had completed the general suppression throughout Austria. Oberammergau, however, managed ten years later to get exempted from the

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general ban. But with this sole exception the last remnants of Passion Play had been destroyed in every part of Europe by the end of the century.

An impulse to resuscitation was given by the devastation caused by the Napoleonic wars. The villages had mostly lost their churches, and they required revenue to rebuild. But it was not till the latter half of the Nineteenth Century that the revival definitely set in. In 1850, in fact, the whole question was reopened. The State had apparently forgotten its old objections; but the ecclesiastical authorities were not so easy to deal with. Some gave permission, others refused it. The controversy raged mostly round the nature of the text in each case, and authorization became largely a matter of individual censorship. At Vorderthiersee, for instance, where the text dates from the Seventeenth Century, the play was prohibited on account of its profanity. It was not long, however, till this defect was remedied everywhere; and before the end of the century, plays were flourishing at such places as Vorderthiersee, Sterzing and Brixlegg in the Tyrol, Sterzing in the Upper Inn Valley, Eibesthal in Lower Austria, Hörtitz in Bohemia, Waal in Bavaria, Selzach in Switzerland, and the rest. At Oberammergau success seems to have been assured from the first moment of the revival; and it was evidently this that so quickly brought the other plays into existence again. Possibly the new lease of life recently given to the plays is going to lead to a general revival even beyond the confines of the Germanic countries. This year, for instance, a Passion Play has been produced at Nancy, and another as far west as Caldey.

Certain general conclusions may be drawn from this brief historical survey. The first is that the prevalent belief that a Passion Play is naturally a peasant business is erroneous. In its inception it was the monopoly of the clergy, and, later on, of the intelligentsia. That was during its heyday. The peasantry took it on as a legacy, when they became virtually the lay custodians of the religious spirit in Europe. The second conclusion is that

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in its origin it was liturgical and therefore simple, and only in its later development became overlaid and corrupted with glosses and permeated with the dubious humour of the low comedian. The third is that the Passion Play as we see it to-day is not an ancient thing. In reality it is almost wholly a product of the late Nineteenth Century. The question of texts, on which so much depends, is one of considerable difficulty, as the records have nearly all been destroyed by recurring village fires. The oldest text extant is apparently not older than 1600, but it contains traces of old texts of the Fifteenth Century, some of which are preserved at St. Ulric and St. Afra in Augsburg. Of those in use at present, it may be of interest to compare that of Oberammergau with that of Erl in the Inn Valley, as plays have been produced at both these villages in the course of the present year. The comparison affords the best ground to base criticism and to meet the objections which have already been quoted to the Victorian character of Oberammergau.

It will, perhaps, be convenient to take Erl first. Here, as practically everywhere else, there remain only references to the earlier texts. Even that of the revival in 1801, which was used till 1848, has disappeared, but there is an extant text dating from 1850 and reconstructed from others, such as Vorderthiersee, with which it is believed to have possessed many similarities. It was in this year, 1850, that the last of the many collisions between the Erlers and Authority occurred, and the action of the latter had a profound influence on the text. The village was instructed by the local civil administration that its revision had become necessary, on the ground of the jargon employed and of the necessity of reconciling the existing text with the Scripture narrative, and must be approved by the archiepiscopal authorities. Finally, in 1868, a general purification of the text was undertaken by one of the curates of Erl, and it is that which has been used in the production of 1922. The author does not profess to have wholly restricted himself to the Scripture narrative, but to have drawn freely from such sources as

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the works of Cornelius a Lapide and the revelations of Catherine Emmerich.

The original Oberammergau text is assumed to have been founded on that of St. Ulric and St. Afra in Augsburg ; and it is also believed that, later on, the Meistersingers brought their own considerable influence to bear on this text and amended it without, however, drastically affecting its original character. The first serious modification took place between 1680 and 1750 under the influence of the Jesuit drama, and in 1785 a further text was produced in the full rococo style. But this had to go down before the rigorous censorship to which reference has been made, as incompatible with the Biblical and religious apologetics of the time. In 1811 yet another step in the direction of purification was taken under the supervision of Othmar Weis, a Benedictine of Ettal, and such excrescences as the antics of the devils were curtailed, though evidently not entirely expunged, since, as late as 1840, at the death of Judas devils still held their disedifying revels. Local notions of reform had thus, at this period, not passed very far beyond the primitive stage. But in 1860 an entirely new era opened. Father Daisenberger, a name well known to all frequenters of Oberammergau, had been appointed parish priest of the village in 1839. He was himself a pupil of the Benedictines of Ettal, to whom Oberammergau owes so much ; and he devoted his whole life to a complete recasting of the entire text and action of the play. To him is due its present character and dignity and the final elimination of the elements which, however picturesque they may once have been thought, did undoubtedly end by degrading the productions and destroying their solemnity.

A few quotations will suffice to demonstrate the difference in character between the texts used this year at Erl and Oberammergau. In the parting scene between Christ and His Mother at Bethany :

CHRIST : O Mother, mourn not.

Thy grief is like the waves of the sea,
So wondrous and full of blessing is it.

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Lift thine eyes, behold a cornfield
Blest and ripened by the Father
In the sunshine ! How fair it is to behold,
When the gentle breeze waves the tender stems,
So there waves a golden sea
Of millions of fruit-laden ears.
So rich a crop of virtues and merits
Blooms for thee and all mankind
From thy dolours, which thou bearest with Me.
Thou must share in the work of redemption by
suffering with Me,
Become the Consoler of the Afflicted, Health of the
Sick,
Refuge of Sinners, when thou feelest for others
The sorrow of guilt—thyself immaculate—
Mother ! What would men's ocean of suffering be,
If thy gentle moonlike radiance did not illumine it ?

At the Last Supper :

CHRIST : Look ye, beloved disciples,
The feast of the Covenant of the Old Testament
In the Blood of the Lamb, which was sacrificed,
Is now fulfilled in all its solemnity.
Lift then your senses and your hearts
For something great and holy will soon come to pass.
Just as once, the Paschal Feast fulfilled,
Ye are forbidden by the law's precept
To taste another meal,
So will I, too, give you a Meal,
Of which never was the like on earth,
Which is celestial, divine, just as I Myself am,
Of which the Manna was only a figure :
The Bread of Angels which nourishes the Soul,
And strengthens it for a pure and holy life.
I, who fed the thousands with bread,
Will now give you the true Bread of Life.
In the holy, joyous wine of My Blood
Which I am giving you, I will fulfil
The sacrifice which once Melchisedech offered
In unbloody fashion in bread and wine.
I consecrate you the priests of that sacrifice
Which Malachias, the prophet, heralded,
When he, too, spoke inspired by God :

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“ From the rising of the Sun even to the going down,
My Name is great among the Gentiles :
And in every place there is sacrifice
And there is offered to My Name a clean oblation.”
Through this Meal shall ye all be united with Me
For ever and all pure believers after you,
Who partake of it with devotion.
This sacrifice shall be a memorial of all My miracles
and My love,
And the redemptive sacrifice,
Which I shall accomplish on the Cross through My
Blood and death,
It shall perpetuate till the end of the world
On the altars of My Holy Church,
And through it shall be poured forth on Mankind
All the fruits of My sacrifice on the Cross,
As an eternal redemption for ever.
I have loved you to the end,
Now I give you all I have—Myself.

In the palace of Pilate, Claudia, his wife, converses with
Veronica :

CLAUDIA: O God, of whom Veronica has taught me,
With hands clasped in prayer and uplifted heart,
I beseech Thee, give me light and consolation !
Thou hast graciously revealed to Thy disciple in
Egypt
The enigma of his dreams :
Help me, too, in the night of my doubt !
Help me save Him—whom I saw in a dream :
Mysteries of the Godhead, unfathomable :
I saw into the holy life of this Man,
Whom hatred and envy will do to death !

At the suicide of Judas :

JUDAS: Stay! So saith the Lord: Thou shalt not kill !
But I have no Lord any more, no God !
My greed hath sold Him—Him who ever warned
And loved me—The Holy One! the Just !
Thou, Misery, art my God, and thou offerest me death
Which is better than life in such inexpressible torture
and suffering,
That in my inner conscience are raging,

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Like a fiery wheel that is dismembering me.
Cursed be the day my mother bore me !
Cursed be the time through which I have lived, the
hour of my sin !
May God above never ask after this wretch,
May he turn to darkness and the shadow of death.
Die, lost soul—die—Why tremblest thou ?
Wilt thou still live ?—live—thou, who betrayest
Him, who was thy Lord and God, for money—
Eternal death to thee.

The Devil, having previously climbed up the tree, hands
the rope down to Judas who hangs himself.

The Oberammergau text of the corresponding scenes
may begin with the parting between Christ and His
Mother at Bethany :

CHRIST : Mother, I am on the way to Jerusalem.

MARY : To Jerusalem !

There is the temple of Jehovah
Where once I carried Thee in my arms
To offer Thee to the Lord.

CHRIST : Mother, the time has come

When the will of My Father must be fulfilled
And I must offer Myself.

I am prepared for the Sacrifice
Which the Father requires of Me.

MARY : And I foresee what this sacrifice will be.

O ! Simeon, Simeon,

Now will be fulfilled

What once thou didst prophesy to me :

“ A sword shall pierce thine own soul also ! ”

CHRIST : Mother, the Will of the Father

Has ever been sacred to thee.

MARY : And ever will be.

I am the handmaid of the Lord.

What He requires of me,

That will I bear with patience.

At the Last Supper :

CHRIST : Beloved, not much longer shall I be with you,
But, that My memory die not among you,

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I will leave you an everlasting Memorial,
That I may always be and live with you.
The ancient Covenant which My Father made
With Abraham, Isaac and Jacob
Has reached its end.
And I say unto you that a new Covenant begins
to-day
Which I institute solemnly with My Blood,
As the Father hath appointed,
And this will last till all things be fulfilled.

The suicide of Judas :

JUDAS : Woe is me ! Scum of mankind !
There is no help for me, no hope.
My crime is too great,
No penance can make it good.
He is dead and I am His murderer.
Here, accursed life, will I end thee.

Pilate's dream :

PILATE : What word dost thou bring me from my dear wife ?
CLAUDIUS : She greets thee and begs of thee,
For thine own and her good,
That thou have nothing to do with that just person,
That is accused before thy judgment-seat :
For she has suffered many things this day
In a dream because of him.
PILATE : Return and tell her she need have no fear.

As might be supposed, the action at Erl differs similarly from that at Oberammergau. The former follows the ecclesiastical tradition of the text, as, for instance, when, at the Last Supper, a curtain is raised at the back of the Upper Room, and Mary is revealed kneeling to receive Communion before the Apostles ; or, again, when the Way of the Cross is carried out in the precise method of the Fourteen Stations. The comic element, though preserved, is obviously curtailed, in the case of both Judas and the bad thief. Judas excites laughter by his exaggerated avarice, and the thief is dismounted from his cross in a manner equally moving to merriment. Yet even this and other inappropriatenesses leave the jovial Erlers with

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regret for the good old times when the entire Satanic family appeared at the death of Judas and sat all over him until the breath was crushed out of his body. Nevertheless, be it said to their credit and their piety, that throughout the performance tears were as frequent as laughter, and that the Grand Finale—during the tableau of an unpleasantly mechanical Resurrection—is a moving hymn sung with the utmost fervour.

Now it is almost inconceivable that Oberammergau, with the simplicity and solemnity of its text and action, will not make the greater appeal. Erl represents a certain tradition no doubt, an effort to preserve, compatibly with the decencies of the modern outlook, something of the heyday of the Passion Play in the form accepted during the centuries which were most congenial to it. But there is nothing which can compare with the dignity of the pure Scripture narrative, with all that it implies without being said, nothing to be gained by mediæval tampering. The glosses of Erl are enough to make the most orthodox heart quail; and the very distinct music-hall spirit which pervades part of the action is hardly a true expression of the natural joyousness of the Christian religion. Criticisms are easy, no doubt. There is, for instance, as Mr. Herman Ould rightly points out, a strong flavour of the pictorial representation of Old and New Testament to which we were accustomed forty years ago. There is the sacrifice of Isaac, the Manna, the Brazen Serpent, almost everything but the Infant Samuel, all crude, and in the conventional setting of the Victorian era. But would the transition from the crude and often jarring baroque, of which Erl still retains the relics, to the modern staging of the Salzburger Grosse Welttheater be any particular gain? And there is really no alternative.

The scenery, too, is purely conventional. "Disillusionment," Mr. Herman Ould writes, "came with the first sight of the pseudo-classical stage. Nothing remotely resembling folk-art here. The built-up auditorium-arch, side entrances and secondary stages were painted imitations of Renaissance architecture, with Michael-

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Angelo-like statuary in relief on the front dropscene. The scenes visible through the side entrances were of canvas painted in perspective." This is all true; but in the circumstances it is extremely difficult to see what the alternative should be. The scenery of the Passion Play has always been a problem to the producers. As already noted, the Eleusinians dispensed with it altogether. In the mediæval period there was considerable variation. In England, for instance, there was a movable stage, but in France it was customary to erect three stationary platforms, with a dark cavern at the side of the lower, appropriated respectively to the Heavenly Father, the Saints and Angels, to men and to the souls in Hell. In Germany there were other arrangements, but on the same lines. The revived Nineteenth Century Passion Play was bound to do away with this convention and to adopt another; and Oberammergau must at least be given the credit for having more or less combined a very necessary unobtrusiveness with a quite inoffensive scheme for meeting the equally essential practical exigencies, without which the vast number of succeeding scenes and tableaux could not possibly be carried out. In this respect Erl has copied Oberammergau. Besides which, with a few exceptions, the scenery and costumes are all native work and manufactured locally. It is the spirit in which the production is carried out, whether as regards text, staging or scenery, which matters, and no one will gainsay the complete sincerity and recollectedness of the actors. It is, perhaps, not generally known that while the audience are listening to the overture, and again, when the curtain falls for the last time, prayers are being said, under the leadership of the Bürgermeister, behind the scenes. At the beginning of each decade, before any material preparations are made, the stage and auditorium are solemnly blessed, and the distribution of the various parts is preceded by a "Veni Creator." This year the whole arrangements followed on a nine days' mission.

All which reminds one that the origin of the Oberammergau Play was a vow made during the plague of

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1633, right in the middle of the Thirty Years' War, which brought death to eighty Oberammergauers, including two priests. In the succeeding years, when the plague was raging with equal violence, there were practically no deaths at all. Nearly three centuries have elapsed since the vow was made, and time after time circumstances have conspired to interfere with its fulfilment. Some of the obstacles put in its way have been mentioned. But there have been many others, above all the havoc and antagonism caused by perpetual wars. When the last of these broke out in 1914, and developed into the bitterness of the succeeding years, there could have been few people, either in England or Bavaria, prepared to prophesy that the Passion Play could be performed at its due date in anything like the old conditions. The actual postponement for two years is immaterial. The remarkable thing is that it has happened within so short a time from the armistice, and it affords a further justification of the unerring confidence of the Oberammergauers that, if they remained faithful to their old vow, they could in the end surmount all material obstacles. In whatever else they may have failed, they have, at least, succeeded in that ; and they have given to a world, spiritually obtuse perhaps rather than actively materialistic or sceptical, a very telling presentation, wholly in harmony with educated feeling of to-day, of the most delicate of all stories to portray in dramatic form.

J. D. GREGORY.

EAST AND WEST

A SPEECH by the American Ambassador, followed by a letter from the Rev. H. A. D. Major to *The Times*, sent our minds back with an almost impish satisfaction to the two books whose names are printed below.* The ambassador elected to assure the Authors' Club that women had souls, and this appeared to demand a discussion of the creation-accounts in Genesis, in the course of which, if we can in any way trust *The Times* report, he made about as many inaccurate statements as anyone well could. The clergyman, on his side, said that the speaker's views were "in harmony with the teaching given to-day to all candidates for orders in the English Church," and that not 10 per cent. of the clergy regarded Genesis as historical. We did not know that Anglican ordinands received any teaching so homogeneous, even though so bad; but we notice that it does not seem to occur to Mr. Major to draw any distinctions whatsoever, not even the simple one between history taught straightforwardly and history taught symbolically. And we wondered whether either the ambassador or the clergyman was in the least likely even to begin to get inside the mind of an Oriental, or even of anyone whose mental equipment did not coincide with his own.

This made us recall how little short of a miracle is needed to make a Frenchman and an Englishman really understand one another, as one very well sees not only in politics, but in, for example, what a Frenchman who has been up at Oxford will then go home and write about it; or, as we experienced on a wider scale last summer, when we had to try to explain not only Oxford, but the English religion to visitors from nearly all European countries. To explain the mentality of Mr. Major himself demanded a considerable effort, and at the end of it the comment usually was: "*Je n'y comprends rien. Nous n'avons pas chez nous de ces mentalités-là.*" And thence we

* *Introduction Générale à l'Étude des Doctrines Hindoues*, by R. Guénon; *Le Théosophisme*, by the same. Both Paris.

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passed to reflecting that not scholarship, assuredly, was going to make us see what the Roman meant when he said: "*Per Iouem Lapidem*," or invoked Numina as "*Siue deus siue dea es*"; or what the Greek really took Fate to be, or Nemesis, or how, without a ripple of anxiety, Aristophanes could joke as he did about the gods. And so we got back to the East, and recollected that for years we had been convinced of the extreme improbability of a Western's understanding even one of the underlying notions of the Hindu, Buddhist, or even Confucian mind. Our conviction was, in fact, so strong as to prevent us ever writing more than a line or two on Buddhism itself, that Hindu heresy which is so much nearer our own ways of thinking than most or all other Eastern systems save, of course, the Hebrew and the Mohammedan. We recalled that M. de la Vallée Poussin, in his lecture on Buddhism published by the C.T.S., found that the Buddhist notion of Nirvana was, if not one of those contradictions which are (he quotes) "brutal, and unaware in their brutality," then one which, "for us, will ever remain fundamentally alien and incomprehensible." "Let us loyally recognize," he writes a little further on, "that the Hindu mind possesses a category—a form of thought—which in ours is lacking." Prof. Barth, not merely noting a difference between East and West, but judging values, perhaps rashly, speaks of the "cerebral paralysis" that alone can explain the Buddhist contradictions: the Belgian professor prefers to allude merely, though often, to the "gulf" fixed between the European and the Oriental ways of thinking.

It would be a serious proposition to maintain that there are minds specifically different from one another, for that would split the race of men themselves into different species, with awkward results to all sorts of persons. But for many years, indeed, we have felt desperate on reading estimates of books and persons and systems, formed by students who have insisted on looking through the most Oxford, or London, or Leipzig, of eyes, and acting the most remorseless Procrustes in consequence to the evidence; and while we might quite often feel ourselves

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incapable of showing them how they were wrong, that they *were* wrong we had not the slightest doubt. Frankly, we believe that the occasion of our discovering this sort of thing was our waking up to the fact that we had been taught to regard the Hebrew Patriarchs as honourable low-church Englishmen, living, by an Inscrutable Providence, in foreign parts, and curiously clothed in consequence. The shock of awaking from this staid Victorian dream was certainly responsible for the doubt whether anyone was likely to understand anyone else; and the doubt was hardened into conviction when we began to read the Higher Critics.

M. Guénon's *Introduction* is practically a sermon on this thesis. We shall not, in referring to his book, multiply indications of pages and the like: he himself, with glee, announces that he is aware how infuriating his work will seem to those who think that no book can be trustworthy unless its assertions be all the while thus annotated. He says he is simply telling the truth, and that it does not matter in the least who told it first, or when. And no doubt in an "introduction" even a "Western" scholar will not expect so much of an "apparatus" as in specialist work on details. And, in fact, when M. Guénon sets himself to the history of a concrete thing—like the Theosophist Society, in *Théosophisme*—he shows that his store of documents can be enormous; he has kept his eye on all the literature available, from Max Müller to the vast chaos of Mme Blavatsky's writings—which long ago, we remember, defeated even our own determination to read them through—and to the daily press of half a dozen countries, in East and West.*

* We must, however, refer to one point in which he goes quite wrong, unless, indeed, the change we shall allude to occurred after he had finished his accumulation of material for that book. One irritating consequence of what he insists on calling the "recent events that have troubled Europe," which we are content to name the War, is, that books finished some ten years ago are only now getting to the light, and perhaps cannot be substantially modified. He urges that Mrs. Besant's propaganda, in India, is actively backed up by the Government. It would be impossible for us to think less well of Mrs. Besant's knowledge and methods than he does; but the fact is that when her Theosophist propaganda ceased to interest anyone in India, and she found herself no more the object of a pilgrimage

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His first challenge is this: To understand the East, you must understand what it lives by. The West is congenitally incapable of doing this. For the East lives in virtue of certain ideas, which the West has never assimilated properly, which once it could perhaps have assimilated partially, but which now probably escape it necessarily and altogether. For, from the Eastern point of view, the West, by now, has the "lie in its soul"; the "light within it is darkness." The result, in the learned and literary world, is that the West has given up even trying to understand ideas. It has yielded to its deplorable tendency to the "practical," the concrete fact, with all its ill results in the line, first, of materialism, seen especially in the northern countries, like England, though much more markedly in America, which by now is incapable altogether of entertaining real ideas; second, in the line of what pass by the name of "sciences," which are not such at all, but forms of experimentalism, or hypotheses, and, anyhow, dwell altogether in the sphere of the contingent, which is the last thing an Oriental worries about; third, in the historical method, which concerns itself rather with who said what, and when, instead of with the truth of what he said, and exhausts its energies in collating texts and criticizing their contents according to what Westerns, prey to the theory of "evolution," think ought to have happened, with the certainty of never finding out what has been even the history of ideas in the East; and finally, in the line of so-called modern philosophy, none of which includes anything fit for the name of Metaphysic. All modern philosophies, he urges, are forms of sentimentalism, and can never get beyond the sensitive or imaginative impressionism on which they really rely. The consequence is what you might have

of all-but worshippers, she changed over to political activity, took up a vigorously "India for the Indians" line, and got into great trouble with authority. It is quite possible that as long as the Government, absolutely incapable of attaching any importance to her Theosophist stock-in-trade, thought that she was an educational influence, which indeed she at one time seemed anxious to be, it may have supported her much as it may have encouraged medical or Zenana missions, futile as the latter proved.

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expected from a study of the Western mind itself—complete confusion and flux. The East is sneered at by the West for its immobility, though this is really stability, and a subject for congratulation ; and the West plumes itself on its “restlessness” of intellect, and even on an evolution which is the coarsest of transformisms, and proves once more to the very eye that the West neither approaches, nor wishes to, nor can approach, the region of the metaphysic in which the Eastern mind, and especially the Hindu, has its being.

This will certainly annoy all those of his readers who cannot begin to sympathize with it, as we, frankly, can and do. But what will annoy one category of them much worse is his treatment of the Greeks. He thinks that the irritable, analytic Greek mind could, indeed, make use, up to a point, of some principles that verged on the metaphysical, but really *took over* from the East the more profound of these notions—we have to confess that it is every day becoming clearer that the pre-Alexandrine Greek world *could* have been in far closer touch with the East than has been, as a rule, admitted ; and that the trend of new evidence seems to argue that it actually was—and really added little save the development of the Aristotelian syllogism ; while the very fact that the Greek word for “perfection” is “finishedness,” practically, the “limited,” proves how alien, by instinct, the Greek race was from true abstract thought ending in the real metaphysic ; and again, its fatal turn towards the observation of concrete fact destroyed any chances it had of developing what was best in it. M. Guénon esteems the intellectual efforts of Alexandria, but thinks them fertile precisely because so strongly orientalized ; he also has a great opinion of the speculations of the Thirteenth Century, but regrets that metaphysics then could not emancipate themselves from sentimentalism, which we will explain in a moment ; but he declares that the Renaissance, by re-enslaving the European mind to Hellenism, and by establishing the “classicist” tradition, “was the death of a number of things,” rather than a rebirth ; and here he

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commands our fervent assent. When classicism, that revenge of the vanishing Greeks on a world that had practically thrown their real contribution overboard, itself broke up, the wretched Europe had nothing to replace it with, save, as we said, ferreting out facts, or speculating without any eternal principles to guide it.

Any adverse criticism of Europe might well, we suppose, go along these lines, and if M. Guénon wanted to praise our modern times at all, he would doubtless single out the immense progress we have made in the realm of pure mathematics, which, with logic, he agrees, approach more nearly to the world of metaphysics than anything else does. It remains that when Mr. H. G. Wells puts Aristotle into the list of his "Six Greatest Men," he does so by no means in virtue of his thought, but because he had an international army of 1,000 men engaged in studying insects; and the ghost of King Asoka is evoked, because he gave up conquering territory and planted trees on what he had already got. The author, after pointing out that what we call the "Greek Miracle" was sedulously deprecated by the Greeks themselves, and that we really have no right to call them liars every time they insist that they have borrowed from, say, Egypt or "Phœnicia," and having told us of a modern Hindu sage who described the highest flights of Western speculation as "thoughts fit for a child of eight"—this is not the first time the Greeks have been called *παῖδες ἀεὶ*—turns definitely to the East.

What, he asks, does it live by? What makes it one, in itself, and in opposition to the West, which can scarcely be called one at all? He rejects, save in the case of China, any strictly ethnic base for unity. He rejects most vigorously the idea of "nationalism." Nations, he considers, so far from being a true foundation for vital oneness, are more truly the surviving fragments of a unity that has split up, or at least, the despairing effort after unity of groups that have known better things, but can achieve nothing more cohesive and general than what we now call nationalism. He regards as the only fount of unity what Prof. MacDougall would call the

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Group Mind. The nearest that Europe has ever got to possessing this, was when there was a Christendom. The Roman Empire itself was but the extension, as from within or by accretion, of the city-state—he might have quoted as strictly accurate the lines of Rutilius Namatianus : *Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat*. But he will not regard any League, or Federation, feudal or other, as constituting a real unity. You must get below all that, to the mind. He then sees that Europe and its offspring (America, Australia, even the Levant) have no common mind, whereas the East, with all its differences, has. It lives according to an authoritative tradition, or, if we like, more immediately according to special statements of an identical tradition. An example would be, the differences in statement, though emphatically not in ultimate tradition, within the Arabic and the Persian Islamic worlds ; or indeed, between the more and the less “ religionized ” Mohammedan worlds. The Sufis M. Guénon would hold to be far more “ metaphysical ” than “ religious,” and not essentially “ heretical.”

This combination of the metaphysical with other elements plays a very important part in M. Guénon’s argument. At first sight he seems to regard all such combination as deterioration. In speaking of religion, moreover, he uses the word sentimental, or sentimentalism, in a way which might lead to misunderstanding. He is at the opposite pole to the modernist. He hates and denounces with real passion all the philosophical presuppositions of modernism, fideism, subjectivism of all sorts. By sentimentalism he seems to us to mean the introduction of the will, with consequences of “ affection,” and the inclusion of all that can make religion a quasi-human affair, or merciful to practically all that we mean by “ nature.” He thinks that this introduces the contingent and the transitory, which in a way it does, and Catholics would be the first to own that religion is by no means only a system of pure metaphysics, whatever these turn out really to be. But while M. Guénon teaches the exact opposite to modernism, by insisting that “ religion ” may well be not

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only "religiously" true, but historically and intellectually, he has such a poor opinion of history and of reason, that he feels all "truths" other than metaphysical truth to be at best but second-rate, and he often speaks as if the presence of these elements were a real indignity under which the metaphysical mode of consciousness were forced to suffer. This will become clearer in a minute. Meanwhile, observe that in China he considers the only alliance between kinds of truth to be between the metaphysical and "social" truth. That is, that the Chinese belief in China as a social (or even political) unit is due to an immemorial tradition which expresses itself not only in eternal metaphysical principles, but in enduring social forms, and that these, in their turn, express themselves in regular rites. He refuses to see anything at all that can be strictly—or even loosely—called religious in essentially Chinese ritual, so that, he points out, the Sixteenth Century Jesuits were not only doing what was tolerable, but what was the only thing they, in decency, could do, when they took their place in the ranks of the *literati* and paid the Ancestors and the Sages the proper official honours. Europeans, seeing that they performed "rites," jumped to the conclusion that these were "religious" rites, and condemned the Society for condescending to paganism. The Chinese in Europe may well make the analogous mistake of supposing rites that really are religious to be merely social, as they would, in fact, be in China. In consequence, such visitors would attend Christian worship without the least intention of doing so when they got back to China, not out of hypocrisy, but out of that sense of good manners which dictates that in a foreign country you should conform to its social preferences. The Englishman abroad, we may say, half the time does not trouble to do even that.

Now the Hindu mind, argues M. Guénon, is metaphysical in its principles and nothing else. It is true that the selfsame tradition has to convey itself as best it can to different levels of the same *sort* of mind, whence sheath outside sheath of esotericism. But the mind *is* of the

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same sort ; and if the symbolism be but organically right with the metaphysical tradition, there is true orthodoxy. The fact that Buddhism, for example, which is a downright heresy, and is steadily combatted as such, really did alter the traditional foundation—an instance is, its acceptance of the atomic theory, with its consequent belief in void, and its further denial of the fifth Hindu element of aether which, in its turn, involves a different cosmology no longer duly corresponding to the ultimate Hindu metaphysic—is responsible for its having been quite unable to flourish on its native soil. Despite the endeavours of Asoka, it has had to go away to Burma, Tibet, and Ceylon, in order even to survive.*

Dare I hazard any suggestion of what M. Guénon means by the metaphysical ? For I cannot claim to have the mind even of an occidental philosopher. And, indeed, he seems to me to mean at times something that is impossible, and at times what is obvious. By “metaphysical” he appears to describe that which is so true that it lies altogether outside the realm of contingency and therefore of the individualized, for that which can individualize anything is, precisely and exclusively, the limited in itself. The generalizations of the sciences or “philosophies” themselves reach no more than the general ; whereas the “stuff” of metaphysical consciousness is the strictly universal—in the long run the wholly undifferentiated. Now and again, he seems to become just Hegelian, though, no doubt, we are here making a clumsy and Western-minded mistake. Thus when he forbids us to call the Ultimate (Brahma), *Being*, he seems to us either to be rehearsing the scholastic doctrine of analogy, or, as we said, to be Hegelian. For any such assertion implies an awareness of its opposite. He scouts accordingly with contempt any suggestion that his, or the Hindu, doctrine is “monist,” or “pantheist,” or anything that can end in -ist ; for all the -ists involve systems, and any system denies its opposite. He is prepared to call the Hindu doctrine “anti-dualist,” provided the *anti* be allowed to negate not

* Chinese and Japanese Buddhism simply are not Buddhism.

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only the *dual*, but the *-ist* in that word. He is very clear that the Greeks, for example, never had any true notion of the Infinite—which is the proper object of metaphysical consciousness, and that they never meant anything else by το ἀπειρον than the Indefinite; whereas, he says, the negative shape of the word infinite, used to describe that which is utterly positive, is only tolerable if you recall that its negation negates nothing but negations, which all limits are, and are nothing else. But this, again, appears to us good scholasticism. . . .

Anyhow, M. Guénon is clear about the existence of That which really is the immutable whole, which, indeed, from the point of view of religion, is to be called God, or at least is so called by those whose religious life is either Jewish, Christian, or Mohammedan. For he considers that these interconnected systems have given a new meaning to the word "religion," non-existent in any "pagan" world: nor, I suppose, is anyone likely nowadays to attribute anything that we mean by divinity to those conceptions of, say, the Hindus, to which books rather stupidly give the name of "gods." We have, however, known people who allow themselves to criticize even the operas of Wagner, so easy to know about, on the assumption that the gods of the *Ring* were eternal, omnipotent, and so forth, and not, rather, in many cases, inferior, as natures, to human beings. This Ultimate, then, as we can safely call it, can be known, though in a commensurate way only by a commensurate mind. None the less it can be truthfully conceived in ways appropriate to all the levels of its manifestations, which may be ideal, cosmological, scientific, individual, and so forth. He then argues that a man can, by due training, lift himself from level to level of power of knowing, and therefore, of mode of being, till he achieves not only the general, but the universal. Whereupon, he becomes that which he knows. He is identified with the All—M. Guénon is so clear about this, that he quotes Aristotle, whom St. Thomas follows, as saying that the Intellect is that which it knows. But surely, Aristotle says: ἐστὶ πῶς. The understood is in

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the understanding only after the mode, that is, within the limits of the nature of, the understanding ; and the mind assimilates itself to the thing, and transforms the thing into itself, only within its co-natural limits. But then, M. Guénon would say, that neither Aristotle nor St. Thomas guessed how far and farther those limits can be pushed back. By not realizing this, the West has "auto-suggested" itself into thinking it can do much less than it really can, or once could, do.

Assuming that it is our own fault that we cannot see how the mind, when it has got into the metaphysical way of thinking and therefore of being, which M. Guénon prays for it, fails to be anything less than the Universal, Infinite, and Ultimate, or how you reach by this method anything else than Ultimate knowing itself, and why M. Guénon thinks he has found something to talk about which has not been talked over a thousand times before, by, and since St. Thomas, we can congratulate him on working out with admirable clarity and precision the successive points of view, short of the absolutely universal one, which the Hindu thinker can take. We see with comparative ease, for example, the process that leads from Brahma to the concept of Ishwara, that minimum of specification which, in its turn, can be thought of in terms of its *trimurti*, or triple manifestation, either as such, or in one or other of its aspects, Brahma, Vishnu, or Shiva. We follow, too, the developments which have been so grossly parodied in Theosophy, such as Karma, or action, which Theosophists have either very nearly personified, or reduced to a "law" which leads to fatalism. In fact, were this book of no other value than for showing what the Theosophist level of intelligence has done with the categories it tries to use, it would be well worth reading. We can understand, too, at last, so practical an affair as caste, and so seemingly fantastic a method as that which leads to Yoga, or union, and we know how better to judge the yogis, genuine or charlatan. And we are established in our long-formed conviction that those who talk about "reincarnation" are babbling of things with which

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they ought never to saddle the deeper Hindu mind.

Let us go with M. Guénon thus far, at any rate: whether the Hindu metaphysic be a true one or not—doubtless, if it be not true, it is not really “metaphysic” at all, for by M. Guénon’s definition metaphysic can never be false, being the appropriate commensurate consciousness of absolute truth—it is by the metaphysical line that we must approach the East. As we said, our clumsy mind sees a number of points in which that Eastern metaphysic seems to us simply wrong; but that does not alter the fact that if we began to talk to a cultivated Hindu in terms of Western pragmatism he would think us just disgusting; while if we treated him merely as a polytheist idolater he would think us such fools that he would not trouble even to be insulted. (He is, indeed, and necessarily, quite non-propagandist.) Even to try to substitute the Bible or the *Summa* for his traditional books were idle. Nor need we do so. We hold our doctrine, we believe, from God; not, at least directly, and never only, from books. We are, then, in possession of a tradition which we believe indeed to be accurately contained in our inspired books, and which, through the many safeguards with which Catholics are familiar, is immutably at our disposal, and can “evolve” in no sense which implies the substantial alteration of its constituents. This means that we start with the *sort of thing* an Oriental ought to be able to appreciate, and of which the non-Catholic sects are entirely deprived; rather as in Japan, that nation which M. Guénon so well describes as the great anomaly of the East, the doctrine, so to call it, of the Mikado is so much the “sort of thing” that the Papacy is, that in it Catholics are provided from the outset with an ἀφορμή, a starting point where East and West can begin, in sympathy and intelligence, to discuss. We might even dare to say that though (to speak for the moment as if we understood the Eastern mind . . .) we are at direct variance with the East on certain points, our variance is a direct one, and there is no need for a Catholic

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to feel, when talking with a Hindu, that they are talking side by side, divorced hopelessly because they are so parallel. We mean that one versed in the philosophy of St. Thomas ought to understand what a Hindu is *at*, in a way that no member of a post-Reformation religion ever can hope to do. One or two instances. A Catholic can say, and in fact, as far as we can see, must say, all that the Hindu does about the Ultimate. But he will refuse to admit that the religious appropriation of that Fact implies a diminution of truth—or even, and more accurately, as much truth, but on a lower level. He will not admit the condemnation of the Limited that this implies. He will not even regard individuality as constituted merely by negations, nor, in consequence, will he admit that when the union between the human knowing mind, or self, and the Ultimate is accomplished, individuality is lost, though not personality—as the inside of an eddy, to re-use an illustration which a Hindu told us was accurate, is lost, when the rotatory motion in the water ceases, and with it the eddy, though no drop of water, and no force, is gone. Yet he will not for that have to assert that the human mind is destined never to rise above a syllogistical knowledge of God : he will have his doctrine of the supernatural to lift him into a mode of knowing and being which is such as not to involve the “ lazy ” solution of an identification of the knowing human mind and the Known God. He will be able to argue that the Catholic history of the soul is not less pure but more complete, because of that Incarnation through which our supernatural destiny is to be accomplished and may even now be begun. And much more of the sort, from that doctrine of the triple aspect of the Ishwara to which the Sabellian heresy is so similar, and which, therefore (though in no clumsy way like that of the Theosophist at the one end and of the rationalist devotee of Comparative Religion at the other), offers once more an ἀφορμή for an explanation of the theology of the Blessed Trinity, to the Yoga in the more practical or ascetic field, where again the Catholic mystic is revealed as the “ sort of thing ” that the Hindu,

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though not the philanthropic missionary, can talk about.

And though we cannot wholly accept M. Guénon's view of "creation," we acknowledge that it must be "talked" about, and that no non-scholastic Western thinker (not Hegel nor any other) has so much as offered the beginning of a workable theory. But we foresee nothing but good from a co-operation between all those interested in the great missionary problems that have come lately so remarkably to the forefront of Catholic preoccupations, with reunions of experts like that at Tilburg last summer. It is again very much the wish of the international federation of Catholic student societies—a wish warmly approved by the Holy See—to apply not only the personal service of more and more individuals to the mission field, but the results of their study. This implies that the history and the philosophy taught in universities must be such as to afford points of contact. These will never be found if philosophy—which, after all, alone makes history more than mere annals and is included even in theology that is not merely criticism or registration of opinions—be the ill-founded and unsystematized stuff that it now is. We must wish, therefore, to see in all our universities, or at least in all our university towns, a chair of scholastic philosophy and theology, with one of history and practical psychology working in connection with it, and occupied by professors as well equipped as those, say, of Louvain. Again and again have we experienced the good effect of offering even the "Outline," edited by Cardinal Mercier, to those who never dreamed that such a synthesis was possible. That, for the private education of our own minds.

But then, unlike the Oriental, Christians are irremediable proselytizers. We must, then, strive might and main to devise some system by which the points of contact may be plotted out. This means the formation of scholars who are not at the mercy of translations; who need not even make a mental translation, but know the Hindu, the Mohammedan Sufi, and the rest, from within; who can think through those minds, and then come back to us,

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convey to us truthfully what the East thinks—even by means of paraphrase rather than scholarly trans-verbalism, for the word *translation* does, after all, beg the question or else means nothing—and finally persuade us that there is a way of putting our own philosophy and theology which is perfectly orthodox and yet will be intelligible to the Eastern. After all, in theory this cannot be reprobated. For we are always trying to do just that for the sake of our fellow-countrymen, who have, by now, constructed a back-to-their-mind so alien to the traditional Catholic one that half the time they don't know what we are talking about.* By doing this we may construct a possibility beyond those which M. Guénon thinks to be open to Europe. He thinks, as far as we can judge, that Europe will travel further and further from the power of thought, and relapse into barbarism. The second possibility is that the East will take pity on us, and if we give it some sort of chance, may absorb and thereby rescue us from extinction. His third option is that an élite in Europe may develop enough Eastern mentality to save the situation from within. M. Guénon is clearly not a Catholic, though perforce he thinks better of Catholicism, and indeed of Catholicism of the most strictly orthodox type, than of any other Western system. Well, we must bank on that; and if, as many now say, the East is not only moving but tumbling over itself into disintegration (not least, it may be, owing to our habit of getting Orientals into Europe, Hindus and Parsis into England, Mohammedans into France or French environments, and then rotting their minds in our universities, and sending them home as unscrupulous little journalists and lawyers,

* Who attaches a Catholic meaning to the words "faith" and "supernatural"? A simpler instance. I was staying once in a non-Catholic family and bicycled some distance in order to say Mass, and did so very early so as not to interfere with the ordinary Masses of the Sunday. On my return, my host said politely: "I hope you had a good congregation. It was very early, I should have thought." I said: "I didn't notice. I don't expect there was anyone." "That," he said, "must have been very disappointing." I said: "Mass is a sacrifice I offer to God; not a service I read to the people. In fact, I went so early precisely because I expected there would not be anyone." "I'm sorry," he said, "I don't understand a word of what you say." But he was quite "well educated."

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amply capable of destroying any civilization whatsoever) ; and if, again, M. Guénon's account of the East is at least as like the reality as a description of mediæval Europe itself as totally Thomist would be true, the chance may really lie with that Catholic tradition, which under divine sanction we believe can never go to pieces.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

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AS the conflict of opinions and policies in Ireland becomes more clearly defined, the time has come for a closer analysis, not only of those political conceptions that have for years been accepted as the watchwords of Irish nationalism, but also of those outstanding figures whose influence upon the Nationalist movement has been such that every one of their opinions is still quoted as though it were the utterance of a prophet almost inspired. The official organs of Republicans and Free Staters alike have, for instance, since the beginning of the present division in Sinn Féin, been competing, with endless quotations from their speeches and political writings, for the right to claim that they are the authentic disciples of the men who led the Dublin Rising of Easter Week, 1916. No personality has been more the object of these rivalries as the real author of that rising, Patrick H. Pearse, who was proclaimed First President of the Irish Republic. This article is written in the hope that the writer's close personal knowledge of Pearse at the most critical period of his life may throw some light on the general character of his political philosophy; while its reminiscences of an educational enterprise that has since become famous may, perhaps, have some interest for students of the byways of history.

Of the various forces which combined to produce the rising of Easter Week, 1916, the personal influence of Pearse was undoubtedly the most active. Without him, the rebellion would never have taken place; and the miscellaneous collection of intellectuals turned, largely under his personal inspiration, into Irish Volunteers, of newspaper boys turned into boy scouts by Countess Markievicz, and of dock labourers turned into a Citizen Army by James Conolly, who between them composed the small force necessary to carry out the *coup d'état*, would never have been got together or inspired with a single purpose. The man who thus led them all into action and was

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acclaimed by them First President of the Irish Republic was a young schoolmaster, less than thirty-five years of age, who had founded an Irish-speaking secondary school in Dublin some eight years previously, had developed it into a more or less precariously established institution, and deliberately used it as the instrument to provide himself with the nucleus of a band of young politicians who would follow him to the scaffold as the political successor of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet.

It was my fortune to be involved, in the last years of my own schooling, in this extraordinary experiment in education. During the first two years of the school's foundation, which were the turning point of Pearse's own mental development and which set him definitely upon the road towards the goal of establishing an Irish Republic, I was constantly with him on terms of close companionship. I left his school at the end of its first phase in 1910, just before he left his original premises in Dublin to establish himself in larger surroundings on the slopes of the Dublin mountains, and I saw him only at intervals afterwards. But his mind was already definitely set towards armed rebellion. The placid contentment of the people in Ireland at that time was already beginning to appear to him as a crime against the nationality he worshipped. I remember how he used to become eloquent, with the extraordinary eloquence he often developed in long conversations, about the necessity of rousing the country from lethargy. He used to recur continually to the assertion that the people had lost their souls and were becoming vulgarized, commercialized, anxious only to imitate the material prosperity of England. Even at this time he scarcely ever met anyone who did not belong to his own small circle of friends in the Gaelic League. He had no means of knowing what the ordinary Irish man and woman thought or cared about; all that he did know about them was, vaguely, that they did not share his own ideas. Again and again he used to tell those of us who used to go to Rathfarnham to see him, that he was becoming more and more convinced of the need for a new organization, whose

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object would be to convince the people that they must do something to prove their faith in the traditions of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet, of John Mitchel, Fintan Lalor and James Stephens, the men whose lives were consecrated to revolt against the domination of Ireland by England. After a time these ideas of his took more definite shape and he used to tell everyone he met that he was convinced that there could be no hope for Ireland until there had been actual bloodshed.

We were all accustomed to hearing this sort of talk from him, but I remember particularly one day at Rathfarnham when he first spoke to me of the necessity of an actual rebellion. I think I replied with some banal remark about one English battleship being able to blow the whole of Dublin into atoms. He was seldom violent in his gestures, but I can still see him bringing his clenched fist down heavily on the table where we were sitting, and declaring: "I would sooner see all Dublin in ruins than that we should go on as we are living at present." I was startled by his vehemence, and often remembered his words afterwards. I recalled them with amazement, when, four years later in England, I read the first bewildering reports of the Dublin rebellion, and realized that his life's ambition had been fulfilled. I cannot help recalling them now, six years later again, wondering whether the time will ever come when men will not be found who consider it their duty to follow his example.

This was, I believe, in 1912. His school had at that time been in existence for six years. He had some forty or fifty boys constantly with him, as compared with some thirty boarders and about fifty day boys who had been the nucleus of his school when he first started at Cullenswood House, Rathmines. But the brilliant staff of schoolmasters who had given him their assistance in the beginning had all disappeared. The teaching was at this time almost entirely conducted either by his brother, a sculptor, who was executed with him for his part in the rebellion, or by the older boys who lived on at the school while completing their course in the National University in

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Dublin, who used to teach during the hours in which they had no lectures to attend there. The reason for this disappearance of his teaching staff was simply that he could not afford to pay their salaries, small as they must have been at first. The virtual monopoly of secondary education in Ireland by the Religious Orders, who expect no professional wage for their work as teachers and who are usually assisted by legacies and endowments from pious friends, makes it impossible for any privately conducted lay school to pay its way. Pearse told me once that he had no more than a hundred pounds available as capital when, with his splendid audacity, he founded the school; and this lack of financial support not only crippled his educational work, but, to some extent, embittered him personally; and his desperate financial embarrassments added to the restlessness which made him long for violent action. Various friends contributed comparatively large sums from time to time which enabled him to keep the school afloat, but in the end he had to turn to America to try and raise money there. I remember seeing him shortly before he went to the United States, in 1913, and he told me then that he had just enough money to pay for his passage. He counted on raising enough, by lecturing and by getting assistance from his friends, to pay his way in America and to bring back enough to pay off some of the school debts. He went to America and certainly brought back some money with him. But he brought back also the inspiration that decided him to prepare definitely for a rebellion. He met there and saw a great deal of the veteran Fenian leader, John Devoy, and he came back to Ireland obsessed with the idea of himself inspiring new life into the old physical force movement that had lain dormant since the collapse of the Fenians.

He realized that he already had the school at his disposal as a training ground for the plan that he had conceived. Even before I had left the school myself, three years earlier, he had already begun more or less consciously, and with the conviction that he was performing a sacred duty, to educate his boys in the idea that they must look

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forward to one day taking part in a war of Irish independence. The idea had grown logically enough out of the interesting programme with which he had begun. When he was himself little more than a boy he had become intimately associated with the Irish language revival, and he was little more than twenty when he was appointed editor of the official weekly organ of the Gaelic League. He had gone to Belgium to study the bilingual system in education there, and had written a great deal that was instructive about what he saw. In founding a bilingual college he had intended to make it possible for families which were interested in the language revival to have their sons taught not only to use Irish as a spoken language, but to receive their general education through the medium of Irish. In frankness it must be admitted that the experiment worked out, in the first years, disappointingly enough. We were taught Irish as the principal subject of instruction, and Pearse and most of his masters made a point of always speaking Irish to us outside of class hours and expecting us to reply to them in Irish; but, as scarcely any of the boys had more than a smattering of the language to start with, it was found necessary to do nearly all the teaching of other subjects, except for the very small children, in English. The presence of a majority of day-boys who kept the school constantly under the influence of suburban surroundings, made it impossible to hope for any improvement in this respect; and it was partly a realization of this permanent difficulty that led Pearse to remove from Dublin to the large grounds at Rathfarnham called "The Hermitage," which have remained ever since one of the head-quarters of extreme republicanism in Dublin. In the seclusion of his new surroundings, Pearse did succeed in making Irish largely the spoken language of his school, and the fact that he was thus isolated from his former friends made him more than ever introspective, and left him free to brood upon his plans for rebellion. From the beginning, the conception of nationalism had been engraven on his mind as one of the principal factors in his scheme of education, and as—

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with the departure of all his more competent teachers of other subjects—he concentrated more and more on making his boys speak Irish as the most important part of their tuition at the school, this homage to the principle of nationality became his guiding motive. “The value of the national factor in education,” he had written in 1909, “would appear to rest chiefly in this, that it addresses itself to the most generous side of the child’s nature, urging him to live up to his finest self.”

But he had travelled far already from the standpoint of the “harmless literary politician”—as he used to call himself afterwards, in derision of the days when he had founded the school—when we find him writing at Christmas of 1910, “No dream is more foolish than the dream of some sentimentalists that the reign of force is past, or passing; that the world’s ancient law of unending strife has been repealed:

I think that the true work of the teacher can be said to be to induce the child to realize himself at his best and worthiest, and if this be so, the factor of nationality is of prime importance, apart from any ulterior propagandist views the teacher may cherish. Even if I were not a Gaelic Leaguer, committed to the service of a cause, it would still be my duty, from the purely pedagogic point of view, to make my school as Irish as a school can possibly be made.

If I say that it is still the first duty of every man to be good, I shall be accused of being trite; but I am not more sure of the rightness of this than I am that it is the second duty of every man to be strong. We want again the starkness of the antique world. There will be battles silent and terrible, or loud and catastrophic, while the earth and heavens last; and woe to him who flinches when his enemy compasses him about, for to him alone damnation is due. If this is true, it is of the uttermost importance that we should train every child to be an efficient soldier, efficient to fight, when need is, his own, his people’s, and the world’s battles, spiritual and temporal. And the old Ossianic definition of efficiency holds good: “Strength in our hands, truth on our lips, and cleanness in our hearts.”

Even at that time, after only three months of his solitude at the Hermitage—where he was always to be found

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in the afternoons, pacing his grounds alone, wearing his university gown, and almost always with either of two books under his arm or in his hand—John Mitchel's *Jail Journal*, or Wolfe Tone's *Autobiography*—he wrote that "every day I feel more certain that the hardening of her boys and young men is the work of the moment for Ireland." It was a remarkable instinct that gave him so definite a foreboding of the storm that was soon to break upon the world. The idea began to grow upon him that he was himself to play a conspicuous part in the revival of arms in Ireland, and he taught this doctrine of physical force with increasing insistence to his boys. Whether the parents of his pupils would have agreed to encourage such ideas in those days, if they had realized how deeply he was capable of impressing his convictions upon their children, and above all, if they could ever have known that one day he would really put his theories to the test, is, to say the least of it, doubtful. But it must be said in Pearse's favour that he made no secret of his aspirations, and in the *Macaomb*, which was issued by him as the official organ of his school, and was a marvellously candid revelation of his own mental development, he wrote openly and defiantly in praise of armed insurrection. "We have a larger school now," he wrote, "in a worthier place; but the old place and the old faces in that march (for some who marched that night have never since answered a rally of Sgoil Eanna and never will again as schoolboys) are often in my mind; and sometimes I wonder whether, if I ever need them for any great service, they will rally, as many of them have promised to do, from wherever they may be, holding faith to the inspiration and the tradition I have tried to give them." It was refreshing to read this sort of rhetoric in a school magazine, and it pleased everybody who knew Pearse, for it expressed at once his own idealism and the *esprit de corps* of his school; but no one took it seriously; and, if people did not take him at his word when he stated his meaning so clearly, he had some justification, at least, for feeling that he had let them know, as plainly as words could reveal anything,

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upon what lines he was educating their boys. In those days people had not accustomed themselves to regard seriously what seemed so obviously inconceivable, and they loved an extremist, recognizing him as a man who could inspire unimaginative people, but whose capacity for reckless destruction they had never suspected.

Early in 1913 he decided that the time had come for more ambitious propaganda for his political views than he had been so far able to conduct in his own school. To the amazement of all his friends, who knew how harassed he was with financial difficulties—for he had, in addition to the deficit in working the school, incurred very large debts for building and structural alterations at the Hermitage—he suddenly decided to launch a new weekly paper, written altogether in Irish and openly advocating the old Fenian gospel of physical force. It was called *An Barr Buadh* (The Trumpet of Victory), and it lasted for three months. Practically the whole contents of some at least of its numbers were written by Pearse, including even satirical verses laughing at himself. Its circulation was, I suppose, as small as that of any paper ever printed in Dublin, but he had an invincible belief in the efficacy of propaganda, even if it were never to be read by more than twenty people.

About the same time he founded a new political organization, and I remember his telling me that, though it had so far gained very few adherents, he was well satisfied with his success, since it had already brought together some half-dozen enthusiastic men whom he did not know before. He knew nothing of any of them at that time, but they afterwards became active members of the Irish Volunteers and secured places on the Provisional Committee which eventually launched what became one of the most important movements in Irish history. The Sinn Fein organization has been, until the past few months, mainly controlled by the unknown men whom Pearse gradually gathered together in these unpretentious meetings, and who with him began to gather up the threads of the old Fenian society, which had never altogether died out. Tom

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Clarke, who, with Pearse and MacDonagh and Connolly and the other signatories of the manifesto which proclaimed the Irish Republic in 1916, was executed after the rebellion, was the best known of the old Fenian survivors, and I believe it was about this time that Pearse began to associate with him. Until then, Pearse had never interested himself actively in the Fenian organization, and I think he had not yet attended many of their conferences (which had never ceased altogether since the Fenian failure of the late 'sixties) when he spoke to me about them in 1913. He certainly did not regard them then as a body of men who had much vitality, and he only said that he had recently joined them at some of their meetings in public houses in various parts of the city. In their company and in such oddly uncongenial surroundings, he must have thought of himself, with a sense of increasing drama as his own plans shaped themselves more definitely in his mind, as the "Deliverer" symbolized in one of the plays that he trained his boys to act, for whom these veterans of the old physical force party had waited year after year till all reasonable hope of his appearance among them had passed.

I have little fear of contradiction in saying that most of us in Dublin who lived in the atmosphere of the Nationalist movement regarded him still as a strangely attractive visionary, gifted with great talents, but a man whose political ideas were so crude that we never expected that he would have any influence in politics. But in the meantime, events which no one could foresee clearly, and which to this day are scarcely understood, were moving with a velocity of which neither he nor we had any conception. To all outward appearance it seemed that Redmond was succeeding in his skilful manœuvring of the Home Rule Bill through Parliament, and pamphlets were already beginning to appear on the booksellers' tables making detailed forecasts of the first Irish Cabinet. The Unionists had mobilized all their forces to resist the passage of the Bill to the statute book and every stage of the parliamentary struggle was being bitterly contested at

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Westminster. The Ulster Covenant had been signed and the Ulster Volunteer Force had been organized, and it was becoming apparent that some sort of concession, such as had not yet been provided for, must eventually be granted to the four counties of Ulster in which there was a clear Unionist majority. But no one could say how far this melodramatic campaign in Ulster was to be taken seriously. It was recalled that similar threats of civil war had been launched by the Orangemen before each successive measure that gave their elementary rights to the Irish Catholics had passed into law. There had been the same parade of implacable hostility before Catholic Emancipation, and again before the disestablishment of the Church of Ireland, when one spirited orator had declared that the Orangemen "would fight as only those can fight who hold a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other." But these threats had come to nothing before, and there seemed no reason to believe that this time they would be more terrible. So this fanatical campaign in Ulster, while it astonished most of us, left us without serious apprehensions. We knew also that the old Tories were becoming desperate in their determination to dislodge the Liberal Government which, with Mr. Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer, seemed to threaten them with taxation such as they had no intention of tolerating, and that they were exploiting the opposition of Unionist "Ulster" to the Home Rule Bill, as the most promising method of driving the Liberals out of office. No one doubted that Sir Edward Carson commanded powerful political forces, and that the fight for the Home Rule Bill would be fought with increasing intensity to the bitter end. But Redmond seemed then to hold the winning cards, and to be playing them with real skill, and none of us doubted seriously that if the Bill could be safely forced through the House of Lords to the statute book, the game would have been won by constitutional means.

It seemed, then, that only the intervention of a European war would prevent the establishment of an Irish Parliament with very considerable powers over almost the whole

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range of Irish domestic affairs by the year 1915. In such circumstances it was not surprising that very few people were disposed to listen with much patience to the crude gospel of physical force which Pearse was trying vainly to persuade his countrymen to be the only means by which Ireland could either attain freedom or regain the national spirit, which he declared so passionately that she had all but lost. But we did not know then that the day of the anarchists was already at hand and that Pearse, in his remote solitude at the Hermitage, would within a few years have become immortal as a man who "put new life into" his generation. Looking back now on the long trail of destruction that he has let loose, and on the failure of many hopes which seemed to be so well on the way to fulfilment by reasonable means, one wonders how the next generation will regard the madness of men like Pearse.

Was he in fact a madman, or was he—as the general verdict nowadays would seem to have it—really gifted with a vision that the rest of his generation had lacked? That he inherited the spirit of the epoch of strife and destruction into which the world has now entered, is amply evident in his writings as well as in the results of his work. I cannot believe that he would now regard the wild forces that he let loose with any more discouragement than Trotsky regards the Revolution in Russia. Nor is it likely that he would have hesitated to endorse with all his heart the audacity of Miss MacSwiney's dictum: "Is the Republic worth civil war? Yes, a thousand times yes!" I have no doubt that if he were alive to-day he would be on the hillsides with Mr. de Valera or under the sod with Mr. Erskine Childers. He would, indeed, probably have surpassed their most ruthless violence in destroying railways and burning down public buildings. Mr. Roderick O'Connor appears to me as his direct successor in the hierarchy of political fanaticism. The man who, two years before 1914, could have passionately desired to see Dublin laid in ruins rather than that the prevailing feeling of contentment should be allowed to grow in Ireland, would

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have inevitably become intoxicated with the continuous destruction of recent years. He was not only ruthless, but fiercely logical in his conception of patriotic duty. For him the English connection was like a devil that had to be exorcized utterly from the body of Ireland that it possessed; and his intellectual convictions, no less than his temperamental prejudices and aspirations, would alike have compelled him to go on with undiminished enthusiasm until Ireland's absolute and entire independence had been won.

More than that, he regarded the struggle to break down the Irish connection with England as only the first victory to be won in a crusade against the British Empire. I have often wondered that no one has commented on his own curious instincts towards a different Imperialism; for, like the visionaries of Bolshevism, he looked on beyond the vindication of his own country's national freedom, to a conquest of the world by the ideals of his own country's civilization. I have heard him talk frequently of the ideal of a Celtic Empire, based upon a sort of federal union between Gaelic Ireland and Scotland, joined with Wales and Brittany and spreading into France; in which he looked forward to a recognized hegemony for Ireland as the oldest and most highly cultured of the Celtic nations. I cannot believe that, if he had lived to see the triumph of physical force in Ireland, he would have waited long before he had set to work, with the amazing energy of his political idealism, to organize the beginnings of that Celtic Empire. But in the meantime his thoughts would have been turned first towards completing the destruction of the British Empire that he knew must first go down. For, when all is said, his achievements can only be measured by the scale of his own almost boundless idealism. In the general record of European anarchy, from Dublin to Moscow, Pearse stands undeniably in the foremost rank. Not half-a-dozen men in our time have accomplished so much—whether it be for good or for evil—as must be directly attributed to him. He showed that even in the present state of the world the faith of a small schoolmaster could move mountains.

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And, standing now in an Ireland that is tottering under the effects of his work, it is surely time to pause and consider seriously whether what he has accomplished has been for good or for evil. He himself would have thought that his life's work was only begun. But, apart altogether from the subsequent phases of his own programme, has his prodigious influence brought more benefit or more harm to his own country and to the world at large? Does the reckless destruction of the super-anarchist ever justify itself, even if it be judged solely by its results? Has he, in fact, let loose such forces of destruction and of disorder that neither his own nor the next generation will be able to recover from the upheaval that he has caused in the social and economic, as well as the political, life of his country? Looking back, can we say that Home Rule, as a first instalment, with the security of the established order to guarantee its success, would not have been far preferable, far more beneficial to all the vital interests of the country, than the sudden concession of full independence at a time when all classes are distracted and paralysed by anarchy? Recent years have shown that even the oldest established governments may find that organized anarchy can be beyond its powers to control. Can it be hoped without presumption that the Free State Government will be able to deal successfully all at once with the multiple internal problems of political strife, industrial unrest and agrarian disorders on an unprecedented scale? The philosophy of Pearse held that such things did not matter—that they were only the conditions of an old world that had to be shattered to bits so that the new order could be brought into being. A formidable intellectual thesis on those lines can undoubtedly be made out. It may be that salvation for the modern world can be found only in the irrevocable and universal reversal of the existing social, economic, and political conditions. And if that is so, then Pearse must rank in history as one of the great figures of his age. But it is surely in that light alone that his opinions must be judged. To quote him as a counsellor whose word could give any

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guidance towards reconstruction, or towards the establishment of any sort of stable conditions, is to misconceive the whole spirit of his teaching and of his actions.

DENIS GWYNN.

MORE LETTERS OF WISEMAN & MANNING

["Happily our Master takes better care of you than to give you your way in everything." So from Rome wrote Dr. Manning to Cardinal Wiseman, in December, 1863, in the closing letter here printed of a correspondence that is nearly all concerned with what may be called those worst of all troubles, domestic troubles. Grave differences of opinion between men of the same household, men, on both sides, of high integrity and undisputed excellence of intention, seem to be among life's most melancholy inevitabilities. Doubtless they have their mission. For certain, they supply the text from which Dr. Manning preaches to the Cardinal that little sermon of assurance. The founding of the Oblates of St. Charles under the Cardinal's fostering care, and the high functions for which he had marked them out, were the cause of most of the contentions these letters record; and, since this was so, how grateful to Dr. Manning must have been the Cardinal's touching word of recognition: "If you had not helped me, I should have been quite alone, and I do not know how I could have got through the comparatively little work that I did." That was a union of two men which, in all that it achieved, shines out, across the years, from the clouds of misunderstanding that no longer obscure it. And these letters, which further rivet the link between the first two great Cardinals of Westminster, afford, besides, a modern instance of the need of a central authority. Rome did not look with doubting eyes on converts; Rome did not count mitres—she reckoned men. "There is no jealousy here," wrote Cardinal Wiseman from the precincts of the Vatican. The succession of Manning to the See of Westminster, only two years after the latest of these anxious letters was written, meant more than a great act of Pontifical trust in him: it meant a final and fixed approval of the policy of his much-tried Predecessor.]

DR. MANNING TO CARDINAL WISEMAN

May 20th, 1858.—The number of the Congregation* is at present fifteen. Of these, nine were ordained on their Patrimony or will be, one is a layman. Five received

* Of the Oblates of St. Charles.

Letters of Wiseman & Manning

permission from your Eminence to enter the Congregation. It will be a great satisfaction to them to know that the question relating to the rule is so clearly settled. A letter from your Eminence to me containing their names (Dillon, MacDonnell, O'Callaghan and Butler) would suffice, and, if I could have it so as to read it in our Chapter on Monday, I should be very thankful and feel that a very anxious and critical difficulty was fully removed. The words "*in posterum admissi*," in the rule drawn by your Eminence would also provide for that. I would ask of your Eminence to impose *Clausura* upon the house on Monday at sunset. And to authorize me to declare it. We are all very happy at the thought of finding ourselves in our new house.

CARDINAL WISEMAN TO DR. MANNING

Leyton, May 21st, 1858.—Private.—I am sorry that next Tuesday being the only day in Ember week that I shall be in London I must go as extraordinary Confessor to the Hospital. Otherwise I should have been happy to pay you a visit and see you all housed. I hope the annexed formal letter will answer all purposes. I thought it better not to mention names and one reason is this. Mr. Butler has not finished his studies like the others. Now a difficulty may be raised: can he continue to receive his education on the Diocesan Funds, i.e., to the exclusion of another student after joining the Congregation with the understanding that he will not be entirely under a Bishop? St. Charles made provision himself for such scholars; and it is possible that the case might be disputed on this ground which the new rule prevents in future. If left in this manner I can give Mr. Butler his distinct permission to join at the proper time and he may be assured to that effect, if he persevere in his present intentions.

DR. MANNING TO CARDINAL WISEMAN

August 7th, 1858.—The enclosed letter from Dr. Maguire has just reached me, and I wish to be guided by your Eminence in what I do. My inclination is at

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once to send him a number of copies of the Rule that he and the Canons may see what the Congregation is, and that I have no reserve on the subject. This I should do without a word of comment. At the next Chapter when the subject is introduced I should ask to know whether it is to be treated Capitularly, or after our Chapter as among friends. If the former, I should ask that it should be discussed in a special Chapter *coram Episcopo*, as I could hardly act as Provost in a matter affecting myself. The only misgiving I have is in bringing your Eminence into personal discussion. This I gravely doubt about, and I beg that no consideration for me may make you do so. I can well go through anything this can excite.

September 15th, 1858.—The adjourned Chapter met to-day. Dr. Maguire reopened the subject by asking me "whether certain of the Priests of the College were not less disposable for Missions than others." I answered: "In so far as the Bishop has given them permission to enter the Congregation with a view to fulfilling its works and intentions they could not be sent to other employments without a revocation of such permission." Canon Searle then asked "whether the Superior has power to call such priests from the College to Bayswater." I pointed out the rule by which it is provided that the Congregation has no authority over those who go out from it into the Diocese *sine Archiepiscopi consensu*. The Oblates in the College did not go out from this house and *a fortiori* cannot be under authority without such assent: much less recalled. . . . They then left the room gradually and, after about an hour, returned, and Canon Hurst moved "that Dr. Maguire, Canons O'Neal, Searle and Oakeley be deputed to represent the desire of the Chapter and the Seminary, and also to state their objections to the placing of the Seminary under a Congregation in some sense withdrawn from the disposition of the Bishop." These were the two points of a paper containing many general observations on the Oblates of St. Charles among us. When this had been proposed, I said that I had resolved to be silent.

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November 22nd, 1858.—In the event of its being found that I have neither exceeded my privileges, nor acted upon erroneous information as to the privileges of the Chapter, I shall request that the proceedings of the three last meetings be expunged from the Minute Book of the Chapter or an act reversing them be recorded. This course will bring the whole matter before your Eminence. It will also give the Chapter the opportunity to act spontaneously. It will prevent the necessity of your Eminence's acting by way of authority. It will avert the need of your Eminence's entering into personal discussion in Chapter which might give occasion to some inconveniences which would not be put in writing. I cannot help looking at the whole affair as *ad perfectum Congregationis*. Few things of so grave a kind have given me less disturbance. It seems to me also to bring to a head a tendency which one day might do no little evil, and that by good men. As to the whole of this work of ours, whatsoever you shall desire and the Holy See ordain, is my will beforehand. I repeat this to preclude objections as to the letter of St. Charles' Rule and ours. I believe St. Charles in England and in this day would say *littera accidit* and would provide for dangers which in Milan and in his day had no existence.

December 1st, 1858.—Canon Last has just notified to me the extraordinary Session of the Chapter for Friday next. I believe that I rightly understand your Eminence to interdict all further discussion and to confine the Chapter to the simple decision of registering your Eminence's decree, or of spontaneously cancelling all the irregular matter in the Book of Resolutions. I would ask you to oblige me with a single line to confirm or correct my belief on this point, that I may be guided how to preside.

December 3rd, 1858.—I therefore wish to say that all my own affairs are of little importance to me compared to the trial in which your Eminence stands for a moment. I say for a moment, because I believe it to be a crisis permitted to put an end for ever to an unsound state, full of

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future dangers of a graver kind. The last three Masses I have said, I may say, for you. And I am as calmly and firmly convinced that all this is for the solid good of the Diocese and of the Seminary, for the final rooting of the Congregation, and the ascendancy of a Roman over every other kind of spirit, as I can be of anything which rests on the acts of men. I go to this Chapter with a light heart and with a feeling that nothing can give me pain, for I have felt that all the pain has come upon your Eminence. I wish I knew how I could lighten it. I can only renew what I have said. Your judgment and will shall guide us in everything. The work is yours. We will do all the labour with our whole heart and strength, and you shall direct. And it shall be seen who has at heart the *jura episcopi*. Our very existence, our Charter and privileges are all the grant of the Bishop for his own service and we wish to be in your hand. . . . Canon Oakeley has just interrupted me. He tells me that the course to be pursued to-day is an instant appeal to Rome on points of privilege, namely, of petition and therefore of consideration of the grounds of such petition. But I gather they are not agreed. He will not support it.

December 3rd, 1858.—Suppose your Eminence had decided to entrust the College to the Jesuits or to the *Oblats de Marie*, Congregations wholly withdrawn from the Bishop, what right would the Chapter have to interpose? Why then in this case? This claim of right to address the Bishop on the matter of the Seminary is a claim to determine who should direct it, or it is nothing.

CARDINAL WISEMAN TO DR. MANNING

December 10th, 1858.—I have not written to Mgr. Talbot and am very glad not to do so. Hitherto I have never written except on the merits of the question without mentioning a name. It is also a matter of thankfulness that you have had a conversation which removes the private feeling of pain about Mgr. Searle. I have always felt that he had no thought of what must be the effect

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of the late proceedings. It will give me great consolation to submit the rule to such a revision in Rome. I have no wish or will of my own about it. And if I have any judgment of my own I submit it gladly and wholly. The last two years have been no light burden to me. To see this work corrected and confirmed will be an abundant recompense, and I look upon this crisis as the condition and means to such a result.

DR. MANNING TO CARDINAL WISEMAN

December 21st, 1858.—On reconsidering the whole case I do not see what our offence is, except that we have done our work and that it has in it a future which must press hard upon a certain spirit and upon one or two persons. The line I expect to find taken at Rome is that the work is ours and not yours. This your Eminence alone can meet. I have thought this a little ungenerous and not open. It is the only way in which they can clear themselves from the evident charge of opposing a work of your own as Bishop of the Diocese.

December 31st, 1858, Marseilles.—The more I look at the matter *ab extra* and at a distance, the more I am astonished at the narrowness and inequality of the late proceedings. They seem to me more than ever providential as a means of rendering impossible a reaction against your ten years of work and advance in London. I am only too thankful to be the occasion on which this is to be tried, and I count everything light and a clear gain for the sake of the end to be accomplished.

January 7th, 1859, Rome.—We arrived here on Wednesday night. Nothing is now denied or persevered in except certain theories of Capitular rights which the next Synod will deal with. I know this comes short of what is well deserved, but it saves your Eminence's authority, and the *mucha* of the whole affair is well understood here. Next as to my affairs. Neither the Rule nor my acts as Provost will be treated formally or officially. This I found determined before I came. But I shall be able

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to do all I need. I saw Cardinal Barnabo last night. He was as full of kindness and encouragement as ever. Also I have seen Mgr. Cardoni, who fully confirmed and repeated all he had said on the point attacked in England. He will revise it all again and give me his judgment in writing and I have asked Mgr. Talbot to do so. It will be a consolation to you to know that Mgr. Talbot's whole heart and mind are with you. He sees through the whole affair. His first dry letter was only what we thought. Lastly I am going to take a responsibility till your Eminence writes to me. The very kind letter you wrote for me to the Holy Father I believe is not necessary. And as I find His Holiness does not wish to entertain the question of the Congregation, I am induced to ask that I may keep it back unless some new event should bring me personally into question. I hope in doing this I shall not do wrong.

January 10th, 1859.—I am now getting the Canon Law about the Chapters and hope soon to have a sufficient body of matter. Thus far I have the fullest confirmation of the original position, namely, that the Chapter went beyond its competence in touching either the Rule or the Seminary. I see that the question of the funds of the two Dioceses is a difficulty here. Would it not be possible to send in at once some scheme? If it could be settled, one point of apparent advantage would be taken from opponents, and would be taken away by your Eminence's own act. To-day I had an audience with the Holy Father. He was most kind and showed that no harm had been done as to His Holiness's dispositions towards your Eminence, but he did not enter into the question of the decision except very generally, and I felt that I ought only to follow his lead, so that not much passed. I think this was intentional on the part of the Holy Father, as he had not yet seen Card. Barnabo. He went in next after me, and I think I may probably have another interview. Another subject of great importance in its bearing upon this present state of things has just arisen. P. Bernin and the Superior of the Little Sisters

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are here. But Cardinal Barnabo and the Holy Father are so decided against the separation of the house that a letter asking your Eminence to name the conditions on which the Reunion with France can be effected will probably reach you as soon as this letter. If I might venture to say so, I would suggest that the whole case should be referred by your Eminence without any conditions to the Holy See. The present state of the question may seriously complicate more important matters.

CARDINAL WISEMAN TO DR. MANNING

January 22nd, 1859, London.—I have received your second letter giving an account of your interview with the Pope. I am obliged to start in an hour or so for Liverpool to preach and lecture, so write in haste to save the post. As to the Little Sisters I am almost quite convinced that to put them back under France will lead to a break up of the Community, so ill-treated by the Foundress and only saved from absolute ruin by actual separation or rather dereliction by the Mother House. Novices will depart and few will come. Of course, if the Holy See commands I will obey: and only hope that our house or houses will be virtually independent by having a provincial, with noviceship, reservation of our own funds, and all British nuns to remain here and no French come, as was done in the case of the Good Shepherd. As to the Southwark question, I will very soon send in my last statement, but what has lately helped to delay, besides the anxious state I have been kept in, is this. I had consented (after the principles should have been settled in Rome) to allow the decision, whatever it might be, to be carried out by my Coadjutor and Bishop Grant. But now everything has shown me, and still more shows me, that this would be putting matters into the hands of two combined together and not in my favour. I should feel no confidence that one represented me or the interests of the Diocese. Still, I do not know what else to propose. However, my last paper shall not be delayed. Patterson will probably be gone before you receive this, so please speak to Cardinal

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Barnabo about this. I have as yet only had what is not any official injunction about holding Synod, only a letter stating that the Holy Father has referred pending question to the next Synod without intimating that one must be held expressly. This is important to form the ground of my convocation of it. Further, that letter contains allusion in its body to matters which I could not publish as about collecting the Bishops' opinions (foreign ones) while the cause was being sent to Rome, which you know is a perfect error, there being no idea of its so being sent. I therefore desire to have a Decree or letter which I can publish, not specifically, basing the whole thing on a deplorable dispute between me and my Chapter, but upon general grounds, as Protestants will see the decree of Commission in which this ought to be inserted or quoted, and this decree of Propaganda should be preserved among the Acts of the Synod. The Archbishop* returned from Ireland on Thursday and I fear there is plenty of activity from what I see. Yesterday we had a meeting of five Bishops about Reformatories; from conversation I had with Dr. Clifford I fear he has been talked over. And this I apprehend of others. It is agreed we are all to study the questions well. But you must really get all the information and best opinions about every point. This is all important. I am better. My lecture at Chatham seems to have gone off quite satisfactorily. It lasted two hours and a quarter, but attention seemed kept up to the end. I have two more lectures before me. From something that dropped from the Archbishop at our meeting it would appear that he had written to Rome, for he said (discussing when the Synod had to be held) that he had received a letter from Rome telling him that the matter, whatever it was, would be discussed with the rest of the next Synod. What can this be? Is it the right of a Coadjutor to side against his principal? I can hardly believe it. Could you learn what it is and get an opinion about such supposed right or a word from Cardinal Barnabo? But, at any rate, as Provost, I suppose you

* Archbishop Errington.

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can have a copy of the letter to the Chapter which, of course, I have not seen. Dr. Grant quoted the letter to his Chapter, but I do not hear anything about that to ours. It strikes me that I could not possibly go to Rome till after Synod, when I could take the Acts and give my explanations. God grant us a good final deliverance from the troubles around and before us. I fear much for our poor little Church with such breakers ahead, if the Holy See does not keep firm hold of the helm.

DR. MANNING TO CARDINAL WISEMAN

January 15th, 1859.—Yesterday I heard that Dr. Grant is coming to Rome. Whether this is true or not I cannot tell. But I remember saying to your Eminence that my visit would be capped by his and Dr. Errington's, and theirs by yours. This I still expect, and I believe it will be the only solution of the difficulty. It seems to me that all this is only the breaking out again of the movement caused by the *Libellus Supplex* which, by the way, I have never been able to see, but between the first eruption and the last you have had an Episcopacy which has accomplished all your intentions; even the last, of the Seminary, is as good as done. I do not wonder that this has stirred up a storm, for it is the most vital, radical, far-reaching and final of all your acts and it copes and clamps together all your other work. It seems to me, therefore, that everything is at stake at once. And that the present crisis is most happy and full of permanent good. To carry it through nothing is too much. And though you have had much personal suffering and may yet have more, nevertheless all is little if the work of the last eleven years can be put beyond risk. I know that a Synod will throw labour on you, but it is a labour which comes easier to you than many lighter things, and in Synod you have all you desire or need to set these matters to right.

January 23rd, 1859.—I have had a long conversation with Card. Barnabo, which will be, I think, very satisfactory to you. He sees most clearly the true spirit of

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the late movement and of the *personale*, and he judges of the whole Capitular affair as you would. He also most strongly denied to the Chapter the right to petition and therefore to examine, saying that it is a contradiction in terms, for the "right" claimed involves a claim of authority which the act of petitioning professes to disclaim, and that the claim to examine is a distinct claim to revise the administration of the Bishop. As to the Book he said that he doubted the power to exact it. I have laid before Card. Barnabo a statement of the nature of the Congregation and its relations to the Bishop. He expressed his opinion fully, that such a Congregation was manifestly beneficial to the Diocese. That the rule does no more than secure its existence. On this he was very strong, putting on himself all the obvious consequences if the Congregation had no principle of permanence in itself. That this principle of permanence was in no way an independence of the Bishop or inconsistent with his supreme authority. That the Bishop had full guarantees of obedience from the Congregation and power to enforce it and that, in fact, this Congregation was less protected (until approved) than it justly ought to be. That it would be a false proceeding to go by the letter of St. Charles' Rule under circumstances so different and that the true idea was to do, not what St. Charles did at Milan then, but what he would do in England now.

February 3rd, 1859.—I have seen Card. Barnabo. In respect to the Southwark question he said that he saw the impossibility under present circumstances of referring it to the Coadjutor. He seemed to think that far the best way would be to buy Southwark out of St. Edmunds at any cost, by division of income and estimated compensation on the buildings. It seems to me that money is cheap for such an end, and that we should soon get assistance. So long as there is a divided house there will always be trouble.

February 8th, 1859.—You have the hearty goodwill and

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intention of Rome to settle finally the chief and only grave point in the case. I hope, therefore, that you will feel the weight taken off your mind. I also, in my small way, am in very good courage. (10th.)—This morning I had an audience. The Holy Father was more kind and showed more interest in our affairs in England than ever. I do not think that any unfavourable impression has been made. He spoke with very marked kindness of your Eminence and said, "*Dopo un po' di tempo spero che gli affari del Cardinale si accomoderanno.*" The meaning of this seemed to me to be more than a wish and more than a merely general expression. Again, his last words as I was leaving the room were that I should convey particularly to you the expression of his kindest feelings *con tutto il cuore*. I forgot to say that I told the Holy Father that I had found by an unanimous judgment in Rome that your Eminence was right in every point respecting both the Chapter and the Seminary.

March 4th, 1859.—Mr. Burnand,* whom I received from the College of Cuddesdon, was born in London and wishes to be a priest of the Diocese and Congregation. He has been here about three months and I am satisfied with him. If you approve it I should wish to send him for a year to St. Edmund's.

CARDINAL WISEMAN TO DR. MANNING

July 26th, 1859.—I seize the first moment that I can do anything to thank you for all your kind and valuable assistance and exertions for me at and before the Synod. Indeed, if you had not helped me I should have been quite alone, and I do not know how I could have got through the comparatively little work that I did. I believe that on the whole the Synod will prove to have done good, for the temper of many would have been thoroughly soured before the next, had it been delayed two years more. I think it will be well not to hurry our Chapter matters. I feel now so strangely on the right side that I have no wish

* Later Sir Francis Burnand, Editor of *Punch*.

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to hurry for a patching up of matters such as could lead to its being set about that Dr. Maguire yielded to pressure, but that the Church had not changed its opinion or that the Bishops did not decide on the whole case but acted as mediators. The closing must be a *bona fide* transaction making all clear and leaving no opening to future disagreements. It appeared to me at our interview that Dr. Maguire had objections to erasure of past proceedings, at least he did not seem anxious for it. At their interview with the Bishops Dr. Clifford told the Capitulars that if they let the matter go to Rome they might expect to have their *mozzettas* taken from them.

December 19th, 1859, Rome.—*Private*.—You will have learnt from Mr. Patterson the first steps in matters of a more general interest. I must wait patiently the result of the Pope's conversation with the Archbishop. I will rather proceed to topics more immediately regarding yourself. At my first interview with Mgr. Talbot I found that what he alluded to in his letter to me did not refer to the Oblates or the Rule, but to the founding of a Church at Pimlico directly dependent for its nomination on you. I began to explain when he said, "Well, we will talk of that another time." And so the conversation was turned. I suggested to Barnabo the necessity of drawing up an instruction to the Chapter defining their rights and duties and drawing clear lines of demarcation between them and episcopal administration. He said it would be very good and that I must draw them up and they should be adopted. I should therefore be glad if you would jot down such heads as strike you from observation and experience for the purpose. I would suggest its being in two parts. General principles as to the attribution of Chapters *sede vacante* and *sede plena*, entering into separate heads. Commentary on such rules of the Statute as seem to require further explanation. I have received a long statement by Dr. Maguire signed by Canon Last on the Resolution Book. It is clearly not Capitular: but an explanation by one part of the Chapter only and I can do nothing with

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it. Now a few words in reply to your letter. I shall be most happy to have the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for the intentions of the Holy Father. I shall be glad to know the plan about the Orphans if there be anything new. But one condition was the co-operation of certain secular priests, of whom you were one. On my return I shall be happy to see about what you mention respecting Father Eyre's plan and M. Levilly's about the French. I have been very dissatisfied about our foreign missions in London as too localized and narrow in base and in spirit. Your people speak highly of the kindly and generous treatment they meet with from all their college companions. There is no jealousy here.

DR. MANNING TO CARDINAL WISEMAN

December 31st, 1859.—I am rejoiced at hearing that your Eminence is charged to draw up the *Statutum*. Could it not come direct from the Holy See in letters Apostolic and so make public law at once and for ever and for all Chapters in England? One thing I hope will stand very amply in the preamble. I mean that Chapters are not representative bodies, that they derive no influx of powers or privileges from the Holy See, and that they have no attributions inherent *per modum habitus*, but only certain transient functions granted by the act of their creation and limited to the matters expressly set down, and exhausted in their transient exercise.

January 20th, 1860.—As for our politics, I heard last night from a Derbyite that there is a split in the Cabinet: Palmerston, Lord John, Milner Gibson and Gladstone! adhering to the Emperor's policy towards the Holy Father, all the rest against and very strongly. There is a strong feeling among public men that the Pope as Sovereign is the keystone of the old order of European Society and the first prey of the policy of revolution, which since 1830 has been accepted by the English Governments in succession. The Derby party, I understand, will take this line and I hear that the Queen, regarding the Pope

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as a Sovereign Prince, has the same feeling and would be very glad to be rid of Lord Palmerston upon this point.

CARDINAL WISEMAN TO DR. MANNING

St. Agnes, 1860, Rome.—You have some right to have a letter from me dated this day, and I have occasion to write to you on matters of some importance. I find before me a heap of business which will require much thought, much excitement of nervous sensibility, and much bodily exertion by writing, etc. I have twelve distinct matters connected with my own Diocese or person, which must be treated or settled, if possible before I leave Rome. Once more you may be of service to me in getting through other matters, especially the following. Dr. Goss with Dr. Fisher arrived here a few weeks ago and has formed a *contaburnium* with the Archbishop at the Minerva. It was supposed he came on the question of money between his Diocese and St. Cuthbert's College; but Barnabo set me right by telling me that he had come with procuration from three other Bishops (the Northern, I suppose) to combat me. Barnabo persuaded him not to take the letter to the Pope, as it would only show that there was a lamentable division, and said some most strong and, to me, kind things about their rising up against me. He also asked him what they wanted to attack as I had done and said nothing. He replied that, I having signified my intention of bringing the Acts of Synod myself and knowing on their part my views, they had deputed him to oppose them, as to Ushaw and then in general as to Colleges, the claims of Chapter, etc. So I understand Barnabo who has advised Dr. Goss to come and speak to me. Barnabo told him that as I had brought the Acts I should, of course, give in my observations then. Dr. Goss observed that, of course, this would be communicated to him. Barnabo replied certainly not, for what was held was a Synod and not a discussion to be still carried on. I have given the Synod to be printed, but it will not be brought on before March or April. Here is another

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matter. I must write to Faber as soon as I can about what refers to him more specifically but might be well for you to see him on the more general bearing of the question. For three years Mgr. Talbot tells me there has been an unceasing, undermining action going on against converts, the Oratory and Oblates particularly, through letters to Barnabo. The effect is palpable if the causes to me are yet obscure. The *Rambler* opinions have been thrown into the scale. The late articles have given great pain, and Dr. Ullathorne is charged with a mission of peace to Dr. Newman. If he wished he would write an article explaining them rightly. I have spoken as well and soothingly as possible. But I have not yet touched the general principles because I am in the dark. This letter has greatly fatigued me. But as soon as I know what the Archbishop has written, I will let you know if it will be worth while your coming to meet it. For it would only be selfish to expect you to come unless it were so.

January 27th, 1860, Rome.—I had a long conversation with Card. Barnabo yesterday in which he told me that the Archbishop was having his long paper copied out and from what he knew, he went into the whole case of the Oblates, maintaining that deceit has been practised on the clergy by trying to make them believe that the Congregation was secular, instituting a comparison between St. Charles and your rules, and charging me with alienating Church property by making over to you Bayswater without consulting the Chapter. I said to Barnabo that while I must deny all right on the Archbishop's part to bring my administration under process, as a ground of justifying his conduct, I should be glad that the whole question of the Congregation should be fully gone into; yet I could not pretend to answer all questions of detail: and that, therefore, I would ask you to come over and meet all objections. I scruple really to put you to such an inconvenience, but I cannot help feeling that the last struggle is now to come, one affecting the whole question of the stability of the Congregation, the case of converts to which

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I alluded in my last, and the whole Seminary matter. Whether he is acting by delegation of some I know not, but the argument being that the Chapter was right, the opinion of the Synod is set aside and the cause put forward as *integer* and asked to be divided *ab ovo*. Here again *hic res agitur*, for he has taken up the defence of the Chapter on its desertion of you, etc. There are other matters similarly affecting you but which I must look to, e.g., his and the Chapter's conduct is vindicated on the ground that I govern the Diocese through you and see everything through your eyes. This the Chapter have never intimated to be a ground or motive of their conduct. All this is, of course, deduction from my conversations with Barnabo, who gives it as result from interviews with the Archbishop. The day before yesterday I had a long audience of the Pope in which he himself most kindly introduced the topic and assured me of a speedy solution.

DR. MANNING TO CARDINAL WISEMAN

December 2nd, 1861, Rome.—“*Santa Bibiana senza pioggia.*” I had an audience of a long half-hour to-day, and hope that matters have taken a good beginning. The Holy Father received me with great kindness and spoke with great freedom and openness about your Eminence, the Bishops and England. He spoke of you in the terms he used last year which were everything you could desire, and said, “*Il Cardinale è benemerito della Chiesa in Inghilterra.*” The following are the heads of what I said. That the present crisis with the Bishops was inevitable considering the former state of England and the peculiarity of your mission in England beginning in 1838, which has been of the nature of a *Visita Apostolica* with all its invidiousness and odium in finding fault, correcting and introducing a new and that a Roman order of things. This the Holy Father fully recognized and enlarged upon. That this *sfogo* will do good. The Holy Father fully appreciates the personal causes of this feeling and dwelt upon them. That in the merits of the pending questions

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your Eminence was beyond all doubt in the right. I gave as examples the Colleges at the last Synod and the Trusts now. The Holy Father saw the point of the last latter at once. I then said that I believed that no great difficulty would exist in coming to agreement, that you had always maintained the *Jus Pontificium* in this matter and the need of special permission from the Holy See for any derogation from it and that in the last paper of the Bishops this I believe to be recognized. The Holy Father then spoke very kindly and considerately of the allegations which have been made as to your Eminence's manner in dealing with the Bishops and allowed me to say many things in explanation.

December 17th, 1861.—I have just had a long hour with Card. Barnabo. He was most satisfactory and showed very kind feeling and much interest about you. I told him that I had at once written to you all that he had told me about Dr. Errington. He said he intended me to make use of it. I then told him of the conversation with Dr. Ullathorne which I gave account of in my last letter, and I went into all the reasons against any act of restoration at this or any proximate time. I think, therefore, that the subject is not a practical or impending one. He ascribed it to Dr. Goss and thought that they had a view to the new diocese to be taken out of Beverley. This makes it advisable that some precaution be taken on that point. Business over, he broke into a string of *Barnaboigli* which were highly amusing.

St. John's Day, 1861.—I am sorry to say that I can give no good account of the Ushaw matters. Dr. Gillow has had an audience. The Holy Father was not disposed to allow a rehearing but consented to receive a Petition through Card. Barnabo, adding, "But the decision does not touch the College." Then he saw Barnabo who, he says, was furious, said he should read the Petition and inscribe it "*Impertinenza Inglese*," finally said that the decision did touch the College. He is not *abordable*

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on this subject. The Holy Father is well and in the Chapel of the *Pietà* after Mass on Xmas Day made a beautiful answer to the Congratulations. He said that the world had changed its tactics and finding force would not do against the Holy See is trying a systematic hypocrisy, but that after a short triumph it would turn to the greater glory of the Church.

January 25th, 1862.—*Private*.—Dr. Ullathorne has heard that your Eminence has been writing a *Scrittura riservata* and that you telegraphed to me. How I do not know, but I think it well. On Thursday last he told me that he had a document ready to send to the Holy Father, namely, his own resignation. This is policy. And yesterday I heard from Mgr. Talbot that it is gone in. Now I observe in your Eminence's *Riservata* no mention of Dr. Ullathorne. And I think it of great importance that the Holy Father should understand the relations between your Eminence and Dr. Ullathorne in the last ten years.

February 7th, 1862.—I had an audience on Wednesday. The Holy Father began about Dr. Ullathorne's resignation and told me that he had said to him at St. Peter's after Mass on Sunday, *In nomine St. Petri*, "Monseigneur, restez dans votre place et travaillez pour l'église jusqu'à la mort." This was the least formal way of ending a matter which has been interpreted only in one way here. I then said that I could not but believe the last *spirta* which made him send in his resignation was hearing the fact that your Eminence was writing a *Riservata*, and I then quoted Card. Altieri's words, "*E un fatto providenziale per il Cardinale.*" I then said all that is just of Dr. Ullathorne personally and as a Bishop and added that this *rinuncia* would show what infirmities still belong to a man otherwise so good, and I anticipated what you have written by saying that in the *Scrittura* of 35 pages Dr. Ullathorne's name does not even occur. The Holy Father was much pleased at this. Then I explained about the

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Riservata and the Pontifical Secret and that your Eminence's *Scrittura* was at the Propaganda and would come in course. The Holy Father took it and promised to read it. He seemed thoroughly aware of the facts about Dr. Ullathorne. I then assured the Holy Father that all was subsiding peacefully, and that though the Colleges would renew a little difference, that all was likely to end well.

March 13th, 1862, Rome.—I have received the copy of your Eminence's letter to Dr. Ullathorne and this morning the copy of his answer. I translated them and read them to Card. Barnabo. He was fully satisfied with yours, not so with the other. And he sees more and more clearly the two sides of the case. I am amused with Dr. Ullathorne's letter. "My reluctant assent," included a large part view of his part in the matter. The last paragraph about my "important mission" is a master stroke. No doubt it is the chief thing I came to Rome for and just my right plan. However, we were very friendly and he bore my having to do business with him. I have lately done a thing at my peril. I found that the old story about the visiting cards was still believed by Dr. Ullathorne, by Dr. Goss, Dr. Errington and by Card. Barnabo. I told the first about the facts and I wrote straight to Dr. Goss, saying that I did so unknown to you, and stated that the mistake was made by the servants at the Minerva and that it was unknown to you. This morning I received the following: "My dear Monsignor, I am instructed by the Bishop to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. His Lordship does not think that any good can be done by receiving from a person who professes himself to be unauthorized to give them explanations of a circumstance which the Eminent Prelate most interested therein has hitherto thought it unnecessary to offer, though fully cognizant of the alleged misunderstanding." These are the wounds of the Episcopate, *e chi le fece*, as Dante would say. This makes it more important that you should draw one by one the Bishops least implicated

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to you as soon as possible. For there are more than squalls ahead for those who may outlive you.

April 17th, 1862.—Private.—What I add I would ask your Eminence to know and act upon without in any way implying that you know it. Dr. Ullathorne has been writing to Propaganda since his return two letters to my knowledge. One I have had to answer for the Sac. Congregation. The other, Card. Barnabo showed me last night. But he wishes me not to write to Dr. Ullathorne. It is written by Dr. Ullathorne *proprio pugno, propria testa*, and is translated by Dr. Clifford. It is signed by the two Dr. Browns, Goss, Turner, Grant, Amherst and Dr. Ullathorne. It begins, "Having heard that Mgr. Manning is using all his efforts to induce the Holy See to limit the free discretion of the Bishops in the matter of the Trusts, to concentrate it in the most Eminent Archbishop, the undersigned most respectfully represent, etc." Then follow five or six heads of argument. Then that "such a course cannot be sanctioned by you and is the work of Mgr. Manning." Now I am hardly able to think that Dr. Ullathorne is not aware that never either by word or act have I done this. I have, I hope, completely met the case here. But in England it may be used. If the Bishops meet in Low Week it might come out. Your Eminence will know how to deal with it but not as from me. If I am to speak my inmost thoughts I must say that it seems simply aimed to throw me. In truth the endeavour to throw your Eminence has failed, and as having had my share in the conflict my turn comes next. (*Night*).—I have just had a long conversation with Card. Barnabo. He was most satisfactory. The seven Bishops' letter has done no harm for he sees that I have given no ground for it. He gave me a full account of his conversation with Dr. Clifford. Nothing could be better. I feel that an immense progress has been made here in appreciating the state of things in England and in the Episcopate.

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CARDINAL WISEMAN TO DR. MANNING

Good Friday.—The following is the state of our prospects of a meeting. Bishops Cornthwaite, Roskell and Amherst have accepted the summons and come. Dr. Grant, supposing we should have no meeting, has undertaken a marriage at Plymouth, though it has always been supposed that every Bishop kept Low Week free, so says, *Rogo te habe me excusatum*. Dr. Turner is very busy preparing for his journey to Rome, so *rogo te*, etc. Dr. Clifford "in the present state of affairs avows that he looks forward to a meeting not without some degree of apprehension," but if I do not write to the contrary will come. A cross letter from Birmingham. We shall be "in a straitened position from having received no answer on the matter on which we are so anxious," did not expect a meeting, has been so long away and on the point of returning to Rome that a day is valuable to him and he cannot spare it, but if I permit will run up and go back on the first day. Summary, four have accepted, two declined, one will come for one day. Hexham prevented probably by health and absent; three, Goss and two Browns, have not answered. At any rate, we shall be six at the meeting which of those able gives a fair number. To-morrow, perhaps, I shall hear more, probably *consilium capiunt*. I sent you the above summary of all collectively that you may be prepared should a new charge of despotism or discourtesy be sent to Rome, or if you prefer that you may be beforehand with Card. Barnabo on this new phase. It must be decided once and for all whether our annual meeting has to depend on party caprice or not. Liverpool yesterday and Shrewsbury to-day write letters almost identical, thanking me for my invitation to dinner and stating that circumstances prevent their colleagues. Dr. Goss, "as circumstances do not allow me to be in London on that occasion I shall not have the *pleasure* of meeting my brethren or the *honour* of dining with your Eminence." Dr. Brown thanks me for the invitation to dinner on Tuesday in Low Week as if that was the object of the letter,

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and goes on, "but, as circumstances will prevent me from attending the episcopal meeting this year, I fear that I must not promise myself the pleasure of accepting it." You observe that neither of them alludes to my invitation to the meeting. I think it is not too much to consider these two letters as conspired and deliberate insults towards the head of the Hierarchy, and you had better put the matter as another phase before Card. Barnabo. Circumstances, of course, may be created, but if such an excuse be admitted everyone may stay away when he likes from anything. It is indecorous in the last degree and surely will not be tolerated. It is said that every Bishop is going to Rome except Southwark and Hexham.

August, 1863.—Your letter about Trinidad throws everything out. I do not suppose it was the intention of the Holy See that the Archbishop should go under such circumstances. At least, we ought to have an express sanction before his doing so. Would you be good enough to send to Card. Barnabo the account of your dealings with the Colonial Office, as this will show that even there they were not acquainted with the true state of the law, and that there is no unfavourable disposition or religious opposition to the Holy See's appointment, but only a legal and almost technical objection? Do you see any chance of a negotiation with the local Government resulting favourably? Or of the Bishop going out as a missionary and making his way on the spot? Or must a new nomination be at once made? At any rate I suppose the Consecration must be delayed.

DR. MANNING TO CARDINAL WISEMAN

December 18th, 1863, Rome.—I hope this New Year will bring you many consolations and that you may see the end of the few troubles which remain. But perhaps this wouldn't be good for you, and happily Our Master takes better care of you than to give you your way in everything. If it be woe to us when all men speak well of us, it must be woe to us when all things go well with us. And as I have

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often said to you, your crosses are measured upon your works. And such a work as yours will not be let off with the crosses of common men and ordinary lives. I am afraid you have been eating your heart. And I think I could put down no small part of the things and thoughts which have vexed you. I wish I could talk them out with you for I believe two-thirds of them have no reality. And of what remains much might be easily remedied. As to Rome you must not disturb yourself. There is no cause. You are here the object of affection and respect as you always were, and the little *ombre personali* which pass over Barnabo are very superficial and would give way at once if you were here, and do give way, when he is in earnest. But I did not intend to say so much in this letter, which was only to say *Buona festa*. If Herbert* is not gone, I could wish that you would keep him from undertaking what I fear he has neither health nor strength to go through! When he first talked of South America I never thought of California and 1,000 leagues on horseback. I do not think he knows what this is. He had much better go with you to Spain, and to South America when he is stronger.

* Herbert Vaughan (afterwards Cardinal) had started for South America the previous day, December 17th.

THE LUCKY LEFT

THE question of Orientation is one which has a very real importance, not only for Catholics but for the student of the whole subject of Comparative Religions. Our own custom of placing the altar in the east of the church, and of the priest facing eastwards as he offers the Holy Sacrifice, did not, of course, begin with Christianity, but has its roots far back in the very earliest ideas of the human race, derived originally no doubt from the daily course of the sun, from its rising in the east to its disappearance at eventide below the western horizon. Inevitably this daily and astonishing phenomenon has impressed itself on the minds of men of every nationality and in every portion of the globe. Universally the eastern direction is associated with good fortune and rising hopes, while the west in the same way is the direction of failure, of declining fortunes, and of death.

We have the most recent example of it in the phrase which the soldiers of our army have popularized anew, "gone west." Strangely enough, some writers have imagined that this is only modern American slang, alluding to the constant migration in that Continent to the Western States, and the consequent disappearance of men from the cognizance of their former friends. But to "go west" in America, in this connection, has always meant to go in search of better fortune. It is a quite exceptional use of the phrase, born of the circumstances of the moment, and has no deep-seated origin in the facts of human existence. "Gone west" as a euphemism for death is of much older date, and carries us back to the almost universal myth of the Fortunate Isles, the land of the blessed dead, which lay far across the western seas. Sometimes, in specially calm and clear weather, men thought they could see in the cloud-line its hills upon the horizon, but always as they rowed out towards it the land seemed to recede from them, and they understood that no mortal man could reach it. In such a land among the Greeks was Saturn fabled to be resting, nursed by

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Briareus in the land of Ogygia. Such, again, among the Celts, was the vale of Avalon to which Arthur, sore wounded, passed across the waters—the land

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

The old myth has lasted on in the ideas of the people in spite of Christianity. We see the other side of it surviving in revivalist hymns: "Shall we meet beyond the river?" and many another such, in which death is represented as the crossing of the water. It is the ancient orientation of the Western Isles, the land of the setting sun, which similarly remains in the laconic expression of the British soldier, "gone west."

Some investigations into this whole subject which have been made by Mr. A. L. Frothingham, of Princeton, N.J.,* are of very great interest and far-reaching importance. He points out that in the ancient world there were two great opposing orientation camps: the one consisting of the Greeks, with India, the Jews, "the Barbarians," the Celts, and the Goths; all of whom faced to the north in their religious rites and regarded the right hand, which to them, of course, was the east, as the side of good fortune and seniority; and the other, to be found in Egypt, as also in China, Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, Etruria, and all Italy, including Rome itself. These nations all faced to the south in worship and divination, and consequently held the left side—because the east was on that side to them—as the more important and likely to bring good fortune. We are the heirs of the Greeks in these matters, and to us in consequence the word "sinister" has come to have an evil meaning; but to the Romans, and indeed to much of the ancient world, the opposite was originally the case. In ancient Rome the word "sinister" or "*laevus*" meant lucky, and "birds seen on the left" ("*sinistrae aves*") were birds

* *Ancient Orientation Unveiled*, four articles in the *American Journal of Archaeology*, Vol. XXI,

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of good omen. The same birds seen in the same spot—that is, on the east side—by a Greek diviner would have been right-hand birds for him, and, of course, also lucky. He would have been facing north instead of south.

The question of the origin of this difference in the system of divination lies beyond our immediate purpose in this paper. We do not propose to follow Prof. Frothingham in his learned researches into the early customs of the various nations. His quotations are clear, and seem generally to prove his point. For instance, in the most famous of early Babylonian legends, the epic of the solar hero Gilgamesh, we read that when Gilgamesh has overcome his rival Heabani and brought him in friendship to his capital, it is upon his *left* side that he seats him. So in Babylonish divination, as published in Dr. Jastrow's great book, *Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens*, it is the left which is the side of good fortune, the right which brings evil to the inquirer or good fortune to his enemies. Similar quotations could be given for other countries.

But for us it is Rome, and the ideas prevalent in Rome itself, which are of consequence. Although it is from Greece and Jerusalem rather than from Rome that our present ideas have come, a good deal has come down to us also, although but incidentally, from Rome, as is only natural, so that Roman ideas have still for us something more than a merely archæological interest. They still touch our present life at many points, and especially, perhaps, in the religious sphere. We shall deal, therefore, with more detail with Roman practice in divination because although there is no direct connection between it and the worship of the Christian Church, it is quite certain that the ideas current at Rome in pre-Christian days have sometimes been unconsciously continued and carried on among Roman Christians of a later date.

The earliest record we have is that of Ennius (*c.* 200 B.C.) who tells us definitely that Romulus, when taking the auguries for the foundation of Rome, was determined by the favourable auspices of the twelve birds on the left. Cicero, who was himself an augur, states the rule quite

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clearly: "to us left-hand things seem the best, but to Greek and barbarians things on the right" (*Div.* II, 39, 83). Ovid tells us of left-hand thunders as of good omen, as Ennius had done before him. Pliny the Elder, again, tells us that "things on the left are adjudged fortunate." Virgil, in like manner, in the *Georgics* (IV, 7) speaks of "*prospera laeva*." It would be easy to multiply quotations. The matter is complicated to some extent by the elaborate refinements of the Roman system of divination, with the heavenly *templum* divided into its four sections, but the general principle is always clear, that for Romans the left is the lucky side, and that it is so because the augur faced to the south and consequently had the east upon his left hand.

It followed from this idea of "the lucky left" that in Rome in pagan times, just as we have already noted was the case in Babylonia, the left was the place of honour. When, for instance, Numa was inaugurated as king (*Livy*, I, 8), the augur, the only other person admitted within the sacred area, was placed upon his left, as the post of honour. In the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, in which Jupiter himself of course occupied the central position, Minerva was on his right, while Juno was in the more honourable position on the left. We may observe the same arrangement on coins of Trajan, Hadrian, and Antoninus Pius. On Greek coins, or in Greek temples, Hera would always be placed on the right of Zeus. Prof. Frothingham gives a long list of similar examples in human precedence. He has examined carefully the monuments of Rome. He finds in almost all cases where the Emperor is represented, the next in authority, whether the *Praefectus Urbi* or the *Praefectus Annonae*, as the case may be, is posted upon his left. So especially on the Column of Trajan, where the events of the two Dacian wars are recorded. "I believe," says Prof. Frothingham, "that in every case where the *Praefectus Praetorio*, the Chief of Staff, can be identified with any probability, he is placed on Trajan's left hand."

All kinds of other customs followed in the same way

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from this fundamental idea of the lucky left which was prevalent at Rome, in contradistinction to the lucky right of Athens and Jerusalem. At Rome the left hand was the hand to be used in sacred ceremonies. The Arval brothers, those primitive priests of the fields, received the offerings with the left hand. The diviner, in taking up the liver of the sacred victim to study its omens, took it with the left hand. Physicians were accustomed to pluck their herbs for use in healing with the left hand. At Rome the ring was worn on the left hand, in Greece and elsewhere on the right. With us, nowadays, although bishops wear their rings on the right hand, we still, in England, keep on the custom of wearing the wedding ring on the left, although the contrary is the custom on the Continent. In Greece the garment was fastened always on the right shoulder, although the custom tended to hinder the use of the right hand. At Rome it was always and more naturally fastened on the left. In marriage and other ceremonies, too, there was a similar distinction. The Greeks placed the woman on the left of the man, giving him the place of honour on the right. The Romans, with the same object, placed the man on the left and the woman, in what was to them the less honourable position, on the right. In the streets of Rome, to this day, men pass to the left, as we do in England, possibly again a survival of Roman practice. But elsewhere throughout the world, even all through Italy itself, except only in the streets of Rome, the Grecian idea that it is more lucky to pass to the right has prevailed with practical if not absolute unanimity. At Trimalchio's feast the guests were made to follow the foreign custom and step off with the right foot (*Satyricon*, cap. xxx). But the British Army is still faithful to the Roman rule, and steps off with the left. So again, in making the sign of the cross, in Rome and in the west, men touch the left shoulder first, while in the Greek communions they make it from right to left.

An interesting application of these ideas, and one which has some importance for Catholic controversy, arises

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when we study the relative positions assigned in Christian art, at Rome and elsewhere, to the Apostles Peter and Paul. It is often an extremely difficult matter to decide whether an early work is of Roman or of Eastern *provenance*. If the two Apostles are represented we have an almost unfailing guide. We can distinguish a Latin from a Byzantine mosaic or fresco by noting that Peter is given the place of honour on the *left* of Christ, whereas a Byzantine artist always places him on the right. There are very many sarcophagi of Christian origin preserved in Rome, dating from the Second to the Ninth Centuries. Among all of these only one of the Roman school, the sarcophagus of Probus in the Vatican crypts, places St. Peter on the right side of Christ; all the rest place him upon the left. The tradition was almost invariable, so much so that St. Peter Damian, in the Eleventh Century, wrote a treatise to explain the anomaly, as by his time it had come to be regarded. The real solution, that Roman tradition and Roman ideas on this point were the opposite of those held elsewhere, had been forgotten, for Rome itself conformed to Greek ideas in her practice long before she made any change in her artistic representations.*

It is not only on the sarcophagi that this tradition is exemplified. It was so in the great mosaic of old St. Peter's at Rome. Nay, on the official seal of the Papacy the same positions were preserved: St. Paul on the right and St. Peter on the left. An apparent exception may be found in the mosaic of St. Lorenzo *fuori le mura*. There St. Peter is on the right. But the mosaic was the work of a Greek artist. So, too, is that of SS. Nereo ed Achilles, and that in the Chapel of St. Zeno at Sta. Prassede. These are exceptions which only serve to bring out the general rule more strongly, a rule which lasted on right to the beginning of the Renaissance, for the position of St. Peter on the left of Christ is still

* By the time of the Empire Grecian ideas had filtrated into Rome, and the right, in fashionable circles, had already come to be regarded as the lucky side. See on this, A. P. Wagener, *Popular Associations of Right and Left in Roman Literature* (Dissert., Johns Hopkins Univ.), Baltimore, 1912.

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preserved in the important frescoes of the great artist, Pietro Cavallini, in the Twelfth Century.

Another point of the orientation of our churches. In the earliest days of Christianity men kept the Jewish custom of praying towards Jerusalem, which had come in among the Jews in the days when the captivity at Babylon had made their observance of the usual custom of praying towards the east result in their turning their backs upon the Holy City. After the fall of Jerusalem had broken the ties which still held Christianity to Judaism, Christians everywhere reverted to the custom of praying towards the east, giving it the Christian meaning of watching for Christ, *Oriens ex alto*, the Dayspring from on High. But to this general rule of building churches and altars to face the east there was one notable exception. In Rome itself, and in those places which in the Fourth Century were directly under the influence of Rome, the basilicas faced to the west, although in them also the general rule that the priest at the altar faced to the east as he offered the Holy Sacrifice was carefully preserved. What was the origin of this peculiar custom of Rome, and whence was it derived?

It is with some hesitation, because the matter is very obscure, and lies outside the present writer's immediate studies, that he ventures to put forward an explanation. Are we here again face to face with the survival of earlier ideas which differed at Rome from those of the rest of the world? If we study the question of orientation in such Roman writers on the subject of land surveying as Festus Frontinus and Hyginus, we find, in the quotations given by Prof. Frothingham in the articles already mentioned, that, following Etruscan tradition, there had been an earlier practice according to which the surveyors faced westwards in making their surveys, and not eastwards as was the later practice. Hyginus, who wrote in the time of Trajan, early in the Second Century, explains this change expressly by referring to the change which had taken place in the orientation of sacred buildings. "Ancient architects," he tells us, "rightly described the

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temples as facing west ; in later times it seemed good to every religion to turn to that part of the heaven from which the earth is illuminated." So, too, Vitruvius (IV, 5) says that those who sacrificed at the altars faced the east and also faced the statues of the gods in the temples, because all altars were made to face the east. Is it possible that the singular custom which prevailed in early Christian Rome, and in some other places where Roman ideas were dominant, of the priest and congregation facing in opposite directions at the Holy Sacrifice, is the result of a compromise between an ancient local tradition that sacred buildings must face the west, and the invariable rule that the priest at the altar must face the east ? This latter custom knew no exception anywhere in the Christian world, except in the case where crowded city sites made it impossible to conform to the general rule. When the orientation of St. Paul's basilica was reversed a century after Constantine, the priest and the altar remained unaffected, though the people now faced eastwards in this basilica as well as the priest. It was not till the lamentable change after the fire in 1832 that for the sake of a misleading appearance of uniformity with the other basilicas, the real conformity to the rule of the eastward position of the celebrant was sacrificed. It seems a pity that in so many of our modern churches the old custom of due orientation should be so often ignored, even in cases where no plea of real necessity can fairly be urged.

ARTHUR S. BARNES.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

THE *Life of Cornelia Connelly* (Longmans) is a remarkable book and tells an amazing story. Cornelia Peacock, a young lady of good family in Philadelphia, married Pierce Connelly, an episcopalian minister who settled at Natchez, Mississippi, where on account of her great beauty and many gifts she became exceedingly popular. She had five children, two of whom died at an early age, and the eldest, Mercer, at twenty. After three and a half years she was led to study the Catholic religion, with the result that both she and her husband were received into the Church. Early in 1836 they went to Rome, where they were well received by the Earl of Shrewsbury and clergy in high position. Late in 1837 they returned to America, Mr. Connelly secured a post in the Jesuit College at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, and there her second daughter was born and her second boy killed in a terrible accident in January, 1840. On the Feast of St. Edward, October 13th of that year, Mr. Connelly suddenly told his young wife that he wished to become a priest, and that this would involve her entering a convent. Although a terrible blow, she acquiesced, and by the close of the day they had mutually consented to embrace continency. In March, 1841, her youngest son Frank was born, and on May 5th, 1842, Ascension Day, husband and wife parted, and Mr. Connelly set out for England, arriving at Alton Towers early in July. Through the influence of Lord Shrewsbury he obtained a travelling tutorship, saw much of the Continent, and paid another visit to Rome, where he petitioned the Holy Father to admit him to the priesthood. He was informed that nothing could be done unless husband and wife came together to Rome to signify their mutual consent. Accordingly he went to America in the summer of 1843 to fetch his wife, who had stayed in the Convent at Natchez since he left her, and in September they reached Alton Towers. A month later the Connelys left for France, sailing, it is interesting to note, from Brighton

Life of Cornelia Connelly

to Dieppe, and after visiting Paris, Orleans and Lyons, they went by sea from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, reaching Rome on December 7th. They took rooms in the Via Ripetta and Mrs. Connelly became a Child of Mary at the Convent of the Sacred Heart at the Trinita dei Monti. On March 15th, 1844, a joint petition from Mr. Connelly and his wife was presented to Gregory XVI, asking that Mr. Connelly might be promoted to the priesthood, his wife having been accepted as a postulant at the Sacred Heart Convent at the Trinita.

In support of the petition the case of a Swiss couple named Chandet was cited, the husband having become a Lazarist priest and the wife a Sacred Heart nun. It was also stated that Mr. Connelly would enter the Jesuit novitiate, and with the consent of the General be ordained before entering the Society. The Pope was asked to allow Mr. Connelly to be ordained in Rome and to dispense with dimissorial letters from the Bishop of Philadelphia. Events now moved quickly. The Holy Father dispensed with all letters dimissory and told the Cardinal Vicar that Mr. Connelly might receive Minor Orders without delay. The deed of separation was signed on April 1st, 1844, by him and his wife, and in Holy Week Mr. Connelly was tonsured and assumed ecclesiastical dress. On April 9th, Easter Tuesday, he took Cornelia to the Trinita Convent where she entered as a postulant. She made a solemn vow of chastity publicly on June 18th, 1845, and on July 6th of that year Pierce Connelly was ordained priest and sang his first Mass the following day at the Trinita Convent, Cornelia being one of the choir and receiving Holy Communion from him together with her little daughter Adeline.

Towards the end of 1845 the Holy Father told Cornelia that she was not to enter any existing Order, but that she had a great work to do in the Church, which was to be the education of girls in England.

It does not appear that the Pope at first intimated to her that she was to be the actual foundress of the new Order. The details

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were left for the moment, and she was instructed to draw up Rules and Constitutions suitable for such a foundation with the assistance of Father Grassi, S.J. She had also the advice of Father Rosaven, S.J., her ordinary confessor. . . . She was now placed in the somewhat anomalous position of a quasi-postulant in one Order engaged under the direction of her spiritual guides in writing the Rules for another Order. It is not to be wondered at, then, that she was tried rather severely by her Superiors, or, rather, that they wisely tested her spirit by every means in their power. Humiliations, mortifications, and reproaches were plentifully meted out to her. She accepted the ordeal in a spirit of courage and generosity, and had the wisdom to value this period of special training.

Her wish was to begin her work of education in America, but the Holy Father, Bishop Wiseman, and Lord Shrewsbury were all against that project and for a foundation in England. It was arranged she should leave Rome on April 18th, 1846, for the Assumption Convent, Paris, where she was to await further instructions from Bishop Wiseman.

Meanwhile, Mr. Connelly had remained in Rome since his ordination, continuing his theological studies, frequently saying Mass at the Trinita, and having such interviews with Cornelia and his children as the authorities sanctioned and considered necessary for the purpose of business arrangements. About this time the Earl of Shrewsbury offered him the post of chaplain at Alton Towers, and it was decided he should take up residence there in the summer.

He left Rome soon after Cornelia, travelling on the Continent with Lord Shrewsbury, and frequently writing to her. In August, Bishop Wiseman wrote telling her to come to England, and after staying with her children at St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, Birmingham, for some time she was separated from them by their father, Adeline being sent to New Hall, Frank to a school for little boys at Hampstead, Mercer having already been admitted at Stonyhurst College. At Birmingham she was joined by her first companion, and in October she went to Derby with a third postulant to take over the newly built convent in obedience to Bishop Wiseman's

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wishes. There she received the habit she had designed for the Order, and, though a novice, acted as Superior and Novice-Mistress to the community, which was gradually growing in numbers. On December 21st, 1847, Mother Connelly took her vows according to the Constitutions, and was installed as Superior of the Society. Difficulties now arose between the Convent chaplain, Dr. Asperti, and the Mission clergy, owing to his interference in parochial affairs, and the removal to London of Bishop Wiseman left the Convent responsible for a debt of £3,000, contracted by His Lordship for its erection, if the Order was to remain at Derby. The position became very difficult, and when, in August, 1848, the Bishop offered Mother Connelly the property of All Souls, St. Leonards, with a house and fourteen acres, a way out of the impossible situation at Derby showed itself, and she gladly accepted the offer. Little she thought that there would be long and weary disputes over the property that was to be the first permanent house of the Order. But, meanwhile, startling events had happened. In January, 1847, Pierce Connelly, who was then chaplain at Alton Towers, wrote to Mother Connelly telling her of his wish to provide her convent with a suitable chaplain in the person of Dr. Asperti of the College for Nobles at Rome. Without suspecting interference in the work of the Community she assented, and Dr. Asperti was appointed. On March 4th, accompanied by Dr. Winter, his fellow-chaplain at Alton Towers, Mr. Connelly suddenly appeared at the Convent. Protest was made to Bishop Wiseman by one of the community, and probably His Lordship warned him not to repeat his visit without proper authorization. Mr. Connelly now became violently hostile to the bishop and determined to assert his claim to control the actions of the Superior. He went to Rome and tried to induce Propaganda to recognize him as founder of the Order with a voice in its rule and government. Returning in May, 1848, he called at the Convent, demanded to see the Mother, and on being refused by order of Dr. Asperti, he

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stayed for six hours in the parlour, violently repeating his demands. Infuriated against Bishop Wiseman, whom he blamed for everything, he now decided to take action at law to bring his wife back under his control, being all the more determined because the Community, by moving to St. Leonards, would come under the jurisdiction of that bishop. Madame Connelly was cited to the Court of Arches in January, 1849, and the case went in favour of Mr. Connelly. An appeal to the Privy Council was not decided until June, 1851, when the Court of Arches was ordered to admit the "Allegation" of Madame Connelly after the addition of evidence as to American law and that of domicile in Rome.

Mr. Connelly could have pressed for the amendment of the Allegation and a new trial in the Court of Arches, but from this course he was debarred by lack of funds. He was obliged to let the case drop, leaving the victory with Mother Connelly. He apostatized from the Church, took his children with him, and succeeded in withdrawing them from their religion as well as from their allegiance to their mother. He acted as Rector of the American Protestant Episcopal Church in Florence until his death in 1883. Father Weld, S.J., visited him some time before, but failed to produce any impression, and a priest who called at the house at the moment of death was refused admission. Adeline was reconciled to the Church some time before her death, and led a life of great piety. Mercer died refusing to be reconciled, and the youngest, Frank, apparently still survives.

The story of the troubles at St. Leonards and of the difficulties experienced by Mother Connelly, both at Rome and with Bishops of Southwark in getting her Order approved, form such a long narrative that they must be read in the book. Somewhat severe strictures have been passed on Bishop Grant and particularly on Bishop Danell for the part they took in dealing with the rules and government of the Society. Strong comment has been made on Bishop Danell's action in setting aside the original Constitutions and imposing a new Rule upon the

Leaders of a Forlorn Hope

Society. It should, however, be mentioned that the bishop had with him as an adviser in such matters a member of a religious order, an Italian Servite, Father Bosio, who was reputed a good canonist. Nor can it be overlooked, as indeed is admitted at the end of the book, that so long as Pierce Connelly lived, ecclesiastical authorities both in England and Rome could not be without some apprehension as to possible further attempts by him to interfere with the liberty of one who was his wife as well as the Foundress of the Order. But whatever may be said on these various controversial points no one can read the book without being filled with a sense of the nobility of character, of the strong faith, and fervid piety of the holy woman who has been under God the means of establishing a great religious Order in the Church.

W. F. B.

TO study the history of a battle from snapshots, however well taken and aptly timed, is surely an impossible task; and Mother Forbes's *Leaders of a Forlorn Hope* (Sands) suffers from the same disadvantage. She gives us pictures, and good ones, of the Catholics during their long struggle against the on-coming foe. This is as it should be. Scotland resisted the reformation not only better than England, but at first better even than Ireland. Nevertheless, Mother Forbes's pictures of the struggle do not make up a history or even a "study" of the reformation in Scotland. For that we surely require some knowledge of Scotland before the changes, some account of the course followed by the tornado, some picture of the state of things after the storm had swept the land.

In these pages our attention is absorbed by the fortunes of the leaders, most important incidents of course, which are here told with candour, breadth, and sympathy, though perhaps with too patent a reference to controversial values. We are also not yet satisfied with the estimate given of John Leslie, titular Bishop of Ross. Why is nothing said of his having communicated to

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Elizabeth's council the rumour of the faked Papal League, which caused such serious injury to the English Catholics? The charge formed a count in the indictment of Blessed Edmund Campion, and brought, or helped to bring, several others to their deaths. Leslie cannot be here excused from the factiousness and credulity common at his day. This shadow ought to have been allowed for in Mother Forbes's picture. J. H. P.

ABBOT CUTHBERT BUTLER'S eminently sober and well-pondered treatise on *Western Mysticism* (Constable) has appeared at an opportune moment. Just as the break up of the religious beliefs of ancient Rome was attended by an outburst of speculation and curious inquiry, in which every sort of novel teaching, everything that was cryptic and abnormal (like the cult of the *Bona Dea*, for instance), attracted crowds of eager disciples, so the present decay of faith, complicated by the social upheaval resulting from the war, has provoked a riot of beliefs and practices the reaction of which tends to make itself felt even within the precincts of the cloister. It is a time consequently when mysticism is much discussed, when, quite outside the circle of professing Christians, the votaries of New Thought or Theosophy, and the disciples of Dr. Rudolf Steiner or Mr. Ouspensky, are lured on by visions of supreme adeptship. The bait is the same as in the old Horatian days :

dives, qui sapiens est,
Et sutor bonus et solus formosus et est rex.

At such a moment it is well, even for those who accept the Church's guidance, to be brought back to a consideration of the old beaten paths. This is the purpose of Abbot Butler's volume, and his first task is naturally to make very clear what these beaten paths have been. As the sub-title of the book suggests, his "neglected chapters in the history of religion" aim at setting out "the teaching of SS. Augustine, Gregory and Bernard on Contemplation and the Contemplative Life." The picture which results

Western Mysticism

from a detailed study of these great doctors is an attractive one, and, when compared with much that has passed for mystical theology at a later time, is relatively simple. Abbot Butler shows us that the contemplation of the great western tradition was free from "psycho-physical concomitants, whether rapture or trance or any quasi-hypnotic symptoms; without imaginative visions, auditions or revelations and without thought of the devil." In this respect most of us will agree that it was healthier and much more secure from the danger of illusion than many of its post-Dionysian developments. This mysticism of the western Fathers, moreover, is equally remote from anything which can properly be styled quietism. Though the processes of reasoning are silenced and phantasmata shut out, no blank is created, but the soul is free to "actuate and energize with a highly-wrought activity and intense concentration on God."

In his Epilogue and Appendix Abbot Butler shows that he has not confined his researches to the narrow field indicated by his title page. Representative non-Catholic treatises have been taken into account. He has made acquaintance with the views of Dean Inge, Miss Evelyn Underhill, and Professor William James, as well as with those of St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa and Blessed John Ruysbroeck. Still, in full view of the criticisms directed from without as well as from within, the claim made for the contemplative, to wit, "that the evil, already in this life, enters into conscious immediate relationship with God," seems to Abbot Butler to be fully justified. He says very simply: "I have never had any such experience myself, never anything that could be called an experimental perception of God or His presence; but I do accept the witness of the great mystics of the Catholic Church."

Lastly, though the whole trend of the book may be described as a plea against the more extravagant and emotional manifestations of the mystic union, the origin of which is here traced to the influence of pseudo-Dionysius, it would be a mistake to regard the volume before us as

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an indirect assault upon the ideals of religious austerity. The contemplative, our author urges, must begin with the subjugation of his passions and with the elimination of imperfections. "Herein lies the feature which marks off true mysticism from the counterfeits which so often, especially in these our days, masquerade in its name. It is the constant teaching of the great mystics that there can be no progress in prayer without mortification; no contemplation without self-denial and self-discipline seriously undertaken; no real mysticism without asceticism in its full sense of spiritual training." Herein Abbot Butler speaks in full accord with St. Ignatius, with Father Augustine Baker, to whom he appeals so frequently, and with all Catholic masters of the interior life. H. T.

IT is peculiarly difficult for a Catholic apologist to deal sympathetically with the subject of Christian Science; and yet controversy without sympathy is a mere beating of the air. Dr. Bellwald, in his *Christian Science and the Catholic Faith* (Longmans), has almost achieved the true Thomistic ideal of stating his opponents' case with a skill beyond their own, and of avoiding the undertone of intellectual irritability which detracts from so much work otherwise good. They are, it is true, such irritating people, these Christian Scientists, with their incoherent fragments of idealism, their extraordinary use of language and their naïve estimate of evidence; and yet they mean so well, many of them. It is with these Christian Scientists, not with Christian Science, that controversy has yet to come to grips. What are we to say to a man who, after a couple of bouts of *delirium tremens*, has been restored in a few hours to a basis on which he has rebuilt his shattered life and has become again a self-respecting member of society? "Tell me what you like," he will say to us, "about Mrs. Eddy. Even if you should prove to me that she murdered her three husbands, how does that concern me? Here am I with certain ideas obtained from her writings. They have made me from a beast into a man; they have made the Bible a living book for me;

Togail na Tebe

and they have given me a vivid working philosophy of soul and body. What do I care about their origin ? ”

Plainly, such a man must be met with affirmation, not with negation. Indeed, the appeal of Catholicism should be for him unique—the religion above all others of everyday life, and at the same time of miracles ; the philosophy which gives the true sense in which evil is a non-entity (Bellwald, p. 155). In short, he may be brought to see there in its fullness the faith of which even a few scattered and sadly marred fragments have already illumined his life. Dr. Bellwald's many pages dealing with Mrs. Eddy will be a very “ promptuary for preachers ” ; but the real value of his work lies in its being the first patient and sustained effort, made without mockery and without contempt, to state the best as well as the worst in Christian Science teaching.

N. F. H.

MEDIÆVAL Irishmen read their novels in the form of Saints' Lives or Gaelic translations from the classics. A splendid instance of the latter is afforded in Dr. George Calder's text and translation of *Togail na Tebe*—the Thebaid of Statius (Cambridge University Press) which the late Dr. Quiggin often referred to as “ the last great MS. still unpublished.” The MS. exists in two copies, one in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the other among the Egerton MSS. in the British Museum, both well-known Irish treasure heaps. A Gaelic note appended to the Egerton MS. gives the exact date of writing 1487 and a quantity of details of castle-raiding and civil war, most of which reads unhappily like contemporary Irish newspapers, except that “ at the same period there were two bishops in the Bishopric of Kilmore, each of them alleging that he himself is bishop there.” The Synod of Drogheda in 1496, we recall, was attended by “ Thomas and Cormac by Divine Grace the Bishops of Kilmore.” In the midst of war between Magauran and O'Reilly, half the book was written at Derry Casan and half on the island of Inishannon. The matter of the book was not uncongenial to the times, for in the

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preface we read that "in the same year was slain Va Mael-Shechlain by Conn son of Art na Mael Shechlain," and on the first page of text of Polynices and Eteocles, "they are those brothers that killed one another. . . ." The most valuable part of the book is the Middle Irish Vocabulary, for Dr. Calder, like all the great Gaelic scholars, has had to make his own dictionary. Faithfully he has performed his share towards that lexicon of Mediæval Gaelic which still awaits a Celtic Ducange. The text is valuable for its marvellous medium, not for its matter, which modern Irishmen will prefer to read in Latin. The *Togail na Tebe* may be shelved with the Irish Aenead, the *Togail Troi* and the wanderings of *Vilix maicc Leirtis*, as the Gaels called Ulysses, a distinct department of Irish literature though lacking the unique interest of the national saga. Dr. Calder's net has brought the usual marginalia to the surface, one of which is a mystic poem. Two translated lines read :

As for the sigh thou mayest hear in the wood,
It was uttered by the mouth of the Holy Spirit.

There is a shrill invocation to "*Mhic Maria, a Mhuri*," and elsewhere a scribe's call for barley-whey. It is strange how not only the labour but the emotions of the perished scribes pass into stereotyped life after all the political strife around them has been forgotten. Dr. Calder has provided the apparatus to enable any scholar to make his way through a Middle Irish text. May we suggest that enthusiasts now in Irish prisons should be asked to master this or similar texts as a test of their patriotic sincerity before release ?

Dr. Calder and Dr. Sigerson are at different poles of Celtic scholarship. There is probably not a word or a sentence in Dr. Calder's measured impersonal work that is challengeable. In Dr. Sigerson's *Easter Song by Sedulius* (Talbot Press) the Introduction and Appendix bristles with brilliant hypotheses, deft attacks and discoveries, amazing elucidations. Dr. Calder's work is suggestive of a lamp lit and trimmed to burn in the library of

Easter Song by Sedulius

Gaeldom without fear of being blown out. Dr. Sigerson releases a simultaneous display of fireworks which will attract students of Christian Latin literature and Miltonic editors as well as the champions of the Gael. The work contains a brilliant introduction to the Life and Times of Sedulius whose Irish nationality is established; a verse translation of his *Carmen Paschale* and a schedule of Milton's debts to Virgil, Sedulius and others. "A secret of centuries has been revealed and Ireland is shown to have produced an Epic Poem—the First of Christendom." As Ireland and England "are missing from the names of the nations which have honoured him and themselves by publishing his works," we regret that Dr. Sigerson has not given us a Latin text instead of, or as well as, his "partial translation."

The line, "*pervia pulsanti reserantur limina cordi*" Dr. Sigerson describes as "the quintessence of the Sedulius spirit and of Christian doctrine. In the original Latin it rolls in good Irish rime." The excessive praise of Sedulius acts as a foil to the denigration of Milton, who is quoted with such comments as "what an appalling ideal of a Celestial City" (p. 94), or "Milton's humour is appalling" (p. 205). Irish scholars made great play with the Dante Centenary to decry the adulation of the Shakespeare Centenary, and now Sedulius, the lost Irish Latinist, makes an angry plaintiff versus John Milton. "Where Milton diverges from Sedulius he sinks sadly," ends the case for the prosecution. "Plagiarizing Homer" is a parallel item in the indictment. More serious is the count that Milton "was amplifying and embellishing with ponderous orations the austere and faithful verse of Sedulius which, thus augmented, became *Paradise Regained*!" The failure of this epic was due to Milton's plan of trying "to fill out the simple and sufficient structure of Sedulius with interminable speeches." Dr. Sigerson tracks the Sedulian framework as irresistibly as Bacon is detected in Shakespeare by Baconians. Milton may be "the Prince of Plagiarists," but both he and Sedulius plagiarized the same Gospels.

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The interest of Dr. Sigerson's critical work lies in the detection of Irish rhymes, assonances and alliteration in the poetry of a Latin poet who, if he lived to-day, would probably sign himself O'Shiel. If Sedulius' poetry followed the exquisite models of old Irish, his prose version of his own epic is no less close to modern Irish oratory. To select an instance. In Sedulius' poetry the blind man approaches our Lord *lumen petere*, but in the prose version he is said *oculatae copiam claritatis postulare*.

S. L.

PERADVENTURE (Constable) is a word taken by Mr. Robert Keable from the lips of Elias, in order to lay it upon those of Renan. For the irony of fierce conviction he substitutes the surmise of sentimentalism. These words are not meant opprobriously. For a man knowing himself an impressionist, may yet austere strive to become more than that, or with sad honesty resign himself to be nothing else than that. Or if he choose, he can draw the portrait of a sentimentalist, as Barrie did, without in the least portraying his own features. As a portrait of an impressionist, this book is perfect. Omit the cheap preface, made of phrases no third year undergraduate should any more use in any clever essay. But read, to admire its art, the whole story of Paul Kestern's boyhood, and all the chapters that tell of his home and its psychology.

Claxted is exactly visualized. The faith of the Protestant minister whose son Paul was, with its passionate loves and hates, has almost died out in England; but it was as beautiful in itself as it was horrible in its implications, and by means of it the last generation was largely nourished, and poisoned. Hence the inability of our own to maintain its grasp upon revealed religion. Emotion, authoritatively instilled, has no permanence, nor can it reproduce itself. Not only that old Evangelicism provided no intellectual coefficient for its mood, but it decried, dreaded, and positively disbelieved in any such thing. Examination was desecration; no hand on

Peradventure

ark was more sacrilegious than the reasoning theologian.

In this atmosphere the boy was brought up, and, teaching before he had learnt, played from the outset the active propagandist. He attempted the heroic, and preached in his 'teens to the slums, before he had learnt the rudiments of self-discipline. He never was to learn them. Held hypnotized by phrases, the artist in him could, by their means, in his turn hypnotize. And his success was great.

He went up to Cambridge, and still preached in the streets. But even their atmosphere was rarefied; and in that of the University itself, forthwith he began to wilt, and went down like a child before the tiniest taps upon his brain. Polite reticences were as bad as criticism for the mystical assertions of this young man. Vacations revive him less than they weaken the whole power of his home to minister suggestion. At this point he meets Father Vassall, who is Father R. H. Benson. At this point, too, a reviewer grows embarrassed. For in this picture of Benson at Cambridge and at Hare Street, which is painted with an all-but unerring brush, there is more than paint. Real life obtrudes itself, to our mind, indecently. The author has stripped the anonymity from the letters which, in the *Life of Mgr. R. H. Benson*, we once quoted not only with permission but utilizing less than the permissions that were offered us. Impossible not to lay the two documents side by side.

Vassall says to Paul: "You ought to be a religious, a Redemptorist, I think. You're stamped and marked out for it." Benson (ii. 271) wrote: "You must be a Redemptorist. There's not a shadow of a doubt. I can see you happy . . . in a Redemptorist House, fitting it like an image in a niche." "I know," said Father Vassall, "exactly what happened to you. You began, as a boy, by turning to Our Lord with all the love of which your heart was capable. You vowed to be His lover. And He weighed you, looked you through and through, and accepted you." And on p. 273 of *Benson*: "Do you

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know what it is ? Well, it is this. You learned, as a boy, to love Christ and to accept Him simply ; you seized on that, and He seized on you and knit you up with Him till He really trusted you. And when you had all that acquaintance with Him, He began, at Cambridge, first to instruct your head . . . Then, when the head began to hurt, you took refuge in the heart. ' At least I love Christ,' you said." " There ! " Paul Kestern hears : " I've never said as much to anyone. God help you." " Do you think," wrote Benson, " I dare write like this to many people ? I have never written such things before to anyone. . . . Because you are the first I have ever met of whom I could say—' I know that he knows Christ, and that he is turning his back upon Him ; and I know that he knows it too.'—Oh, may Jesus be a Jesus to you ! "

Lest, however, I over-emphasize the autobiography or even the portraiture in *Peradventure*, I will say that memory has modified Benson somewhat into the author's image, and makes him less objective in his argument than he was. To compensate, Paul Kestern does not inflict on Father Vassall moods and phrases such as those to which Father Benson had to address himself. Paul does not condescend to that till towards the end of this novel. And Paul is very honest : he owns he *would* not pray, and that he just *fled*. . . . And Paul thus abdicated in the gusty years of his inexperienced adolescence. Nor did Paul, within the years of which the book speaks, at any rate, utilize these memories of his to make a play of, save very indirectly. We can look then sadly, but without much other emotion, at the waste of Paul. After his flight, success and some flattery and the need of finding some foothold, put him into the hands of cultured intellectualism which alone, I suppose, prevented him quite succumbing to the really idiotic rationalism of his friend Manning. I forgot—the Bishop of Mozambique, who is Bishop Weston of Zanzibar, and who had had a couple of half-hours with Paul, had in the meantime set him, for a moment, on the path of a semi-detached Anglicanism. But Paul's space—did it last for more than an afternoon ?—of bitter modernism

The Babington Plot

did not survive the impression made on him by Manning's cousin, Ursula, a silly girl but a charming artist, who, all uneducated as her mind would seem, could permit herself impertinences about God, and then the soul, and then morality, which issued into the last impression of which this book tells us. It is true that on p. 300 there is some pitiable stuff which professes to provide a modern creed, and is worse, even, than the end of Robert Elsmere; but the complete collapse came when Paul insisted "eagerly, boisterously," that all his "years of worry and doubt," "all that talk about religion," was "awfully important. *Really, truly.*" Yet he owned that all he now wanted was herself. Not for us, then, to say that, for good or evil, the parallel maintains itself. The author's record, in Africa as a missionary, and as a chaplain, is far from being one of unbroken selfishness, as was Paul's. For that was what Paul had been, though he never knew it nor meant it to be so. But even when he thought he was giving, in the very gift was a self-crowning. . . . Enough. Whose service is undilutedly true worship? But now that *Simon called Peter* has (the puff says) made Mr. Keable "famous," and that he has discovered (as the *Athenæum* on *The Mother of All Living*, with icy cruelty affirmed) "the secret of circulation" (which Mrs. Elinor Glyn, after all, has proclaimed to every boudoir), we confess the exchange has not been good.

C. C. M.

AS neither Scotch historians nor the Holy See have spoken finally on Mary Queen of Scots, Father Pollen's account of *The Babington Plot* (Scottish Historical Society), supplemented by every document existing, immediately holds the field. We cannot understand the failure of publishers to publish what is more thrilling than a novel and more veridic than previous history. It begins with an anecdote of Queen Victoria telling the child who mistook her for Elizabeth—"No, dear, I am Queen of England because I descend from good Queen Mary; and I have not a drop of wicked Queen Elizabeth's blood

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in my body." Father Pollen is a severe historian. Of the ban laid on the Prince of Orange in 1580 he states, "that public morality not only in Catholic but even in papal circles then took a distinct step downwards on the subject of assassination." The atmosphere was one of spying and counterspying until the webs became thick enough to make a net enmeshing Mary. But what could be expected when a ruined courtier like Parry could detail pseudo-treasures to Elizabeth and assure her "that he was expecting a letter of indulgence from the Pope which would confirm all his statements; and in due course, the letter came"? For Pope Gregory had, unfortunately, refused to take his Nuncio's advice. It was a sad entanglement. There was the conspiracy of George Gifford, brother to the English Archbishop of Rheims. There was the *agent provocateur*, Gilbert Gifford, who used Queen Mary's answers "to tempt Savage, Ballard, Babington and his friends. Alas, they formed one of the chief snares by which those poor fellows were brought to their doom and thereby Mary to hers." Father Pollen shows that "on English soil this plot could not have progressed an inch without Walsingham's active assistance." Mary was tempted to take an attitude not towards Elizabeth's murder but towards the possibilities of the event. "If the assassination was a crime, Mary was not free from guilt. If it was not a crime, but an inevitable incident in the struggle for liberty, Mary was free from blame," writes Father Pollen. His command of detail gives his story the fascination which writers of fiction never approach, for instance—"On Monday (18/28 July) in the short darkness of a midsummer night the letter (of Mary) to Babington was lodged in Phelippes' hands and by the Tuesday Phelippes had copied and sent it up to Walsingham with the gallows mark on the outside." The Babington plot awaited approval from Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador in Paris. Gilbert Gifford approached him and "Flop! went Mendoza into the trap. I received the gentleman, wrote the befooled veteran, in a way which the importance of his proposal

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deserved as it was so Christian, just and advantageous to the Catholic Faith and your Majesty's service—Alack! Alack! for the political morality of the sixteenth century when strained by adverse circumstances.” As for Walsingham, it is difficult not to convict him of double-treason as Father Pollen does—“Deeply interested as Walsingham was in helping the conspirators (against Elizabeth) over all their difficulties . . . It is clear, therefore, that provocation to conspire was exerted by Walsingham's agents in the strongest way . . . Delay in execution was not the cause of Babington's overthrow, but Walsingham's spies. They fostered and provoked the plot at every stage. Elizabeth was never in danger, but Babington's life had been in Walsingham's power from the first. He did not even yet suspect in what a fool's paradise he had been living.”

These clippings cover Father Pollen's theme which stands foursquare to all the winds of criticism. We have never read a more heavily armoured monograph. We are of opinion that the writing of history in the future must take the form Father Pollen has adopted—roughly 170 pages of documents and letters preceded by 200 pages of Introduction. The mingling of snipped documents in the text has too often been a danger to historians and readers. Father Pollen keeps his oil and his water unmixed. Froude and Macaulay mingled theirs in brilliantly readable and attractive streaks. They left masterpieces of imaginative painting. Father Pollen keeps all his colours in separate compartments. The excellent system of indexing and heading enables the reader to mix the paints and draw his own picture or conclusions. Those who reject Froude's championship of the Tudors or Macaulay's denigration of the Stuarts may return to the original box of paints to collect new colouring. But even those who reject Father Pollen's chiaroscuro Introduction to *The Babington Plot* would find no more perfect arrangement of the historical record than he has provided. Time may add a supplement out of the Archival paper-heaps, but time cannot cancel Father

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Pollen's work. For instance, if Queen Mary's canonization was introduced by the Stuart adherents, what volume would be more essential to the promoters or to the Devil's Advocate? The case could be largely threshed out within the limits of Father Pollen's book. As, unfortunately, it is not for sale, we can only direct students to apply to the Scottish History Society, who must be congratulated on their *coup*. S. L.

THE difference between a great man and a saint, somebody said, is the difference between a man whom you would imitate if you could and a man whom you could imitate if you would. Most readers of *Charles Dominic Plater's* biography (Harding and More), those more especially who had the misfortune never to meet him in life, may well go away in some doubt as to which category its hero belongs. No attempt is made by Father Martindale to represent him as an exact scholar or as a profound thinker; his academic record gives no promise of his future importance. No suggestion is made that he was a particularly gifted orator or a particularly brilliant writer; the rare quotations from his letters or published articles do not show any greater literary achievement than dozens of articles that appear in the Press by comparatively unknown writers. Moreover, the record of Father Plater's activities is all, take it item by item, on a small scale; he does not face vast audiences, but a vast number of small audiences: a public meeting of 250 or a retreat of twenty-five will be enough, at any one moment, to satisfy the orator's ambition. Was it, then, merely an indomitable activity, content to say the same things again and again here, there and everywhere, that built up this superhuman record of work achieved? And, if so, couldn't we all do it?

And then this first "spiritual reading" impression gives place to a doubt. Could the personality that so easily gained the confidence of superiors, proselytized friends to its own ends and fired them with its enthusiasms, captivated working men, Labour leaders, soldiers, sailors,

Charles Dominic Plater

dons, undergraduates, strangers in railway carriages, even foreigners who had no bond of a common tongue, be an ordinary or a laboriously acquired personality? It was something other than that which made Father Plater's school friends call him *Noster Hic Magnus*: he must have had that self-evident, self-imposing quality of greatness that, at school or elsewhere, needs no laurels to guarantee the possession of it. On second thoughts, the reader feels, there is no reason why we should not all start imitating him, yet no reason to suppose that any of us could do what he did. He was such a man as England perhaps, the Church in England certainly, does not get more than twice or three times in a century.

Whether from genuine lack of authentic records, or from the feeling that the record of his hero's mature activities must be a long one, Father Martindale is rather chary with his *juvenilia*. Most readers, I think, perhaps with a rather vulgar sort of curiosity, would like the hero to grow up slowly, instead of entering the novitiate on page 27. The more so, since the character, once matured, has no intervals of repose. That Father Plater was intensely human will be quite evident from this record even when the living tradition of him has faded from us; but he took even his most frivolous pursuits with such feverish energy that from first to last the book gives you no feeling of space or of backwater. You rise from reading it with a feeling almost of nervous exhaustion—not because Father Martindale is bewildering his readers with tortuosities of style: he is considerate towards the simple readers the book will have, though there is a sentence on page 96 we are still trying to construe—but from the mere effort of following, even mentally, a career so whirlwind-like. Even at Oxford, although the character is still undeveloped, and ambition has not yet found its true ends, archæology and anthropology still crowding out Retreats and Labour Problems from the mental focus, the characteristic and (the world says) fatal spirit of up-and-doing-ness is there.

And here any reader of another, very different, bio-

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graphy will pause to wonder at a tantalizing failure of coincidence; if only 1900-4 and 1906-9 overlapped! As it was, Charles Plater and Charles Lister never met. Take them at their Oxford levels, before the aims of the former had crystallized, and the aims of the latter had divagated, and the similarity of temperament, making all allowances for the difference between Stonyhurst and Eton, the difference between Pope's Hall and Balliol, is astounding. The same absorbing enthusiasm for an archæological interest or an up-to-date cause, the same knack of effortlessly inducing half-convinced friends to "devil" for them, the same power of finding everybody they met "a splendid fellow," of talking other people's "shop" to them without, for a moment, losing sight of their own, of combining a vast acquaintance with a real depth of affection, of throwing off literary work at an incredible pace, not good as literature, but just good enough for its purpose, of being democrats personally as well as democrats politically, the same self-distrust, the same restlessness, the same charm. History records no meeting, though Gisburne is so close to Stonyhurst; what a meeting it might have been! And fate has cheated us to the last. It was in the Blue Sisters' Hospital at Malta that Charles Lister recovered from his last wound before the one that proved fatal. It was in the Blue Sisters' Hospital, a few years afterwards, that Charles Plater died.

There is one subsidiary question which the profane will naturally ask as they read the record of Father Plater's precocity (for he seems to have been doing the public work of three priests before he was even ordained)—how did They come to let him do it? (To the non-Catholic, one's Superiors are always just They.) Father Martindale, naturally, is not at pains to answer the profane in this matter. It may be suggested that you cannot altogether forbid a man his recreation; and, if a man takes his mission for his recreation, it is consequently impossible, with the best will in the world, to hinder his mission.

The bulk of the book, because the bulk of the life, is a

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series of recurrent Missionary Journeys, with Tyneside for its Phrygio-Galatic region. First it is retreat-houses, then study-clubs, that spring into being where the evangelist's feet have trodden, but it is the same invincible personality that insists on both. First, Catholics have to be told that they pay too little attention to the next world; then, that they pay too little attention to this world: and they submit meekly to the contradiction, because it is Father Plater who says so. From time to time a Congress breaks the progress of the narrative, with fresh expressions of confidence and of sympathy from those who govern the Catholic body in England. You are amazed, in putting down the book, to find that you have read the history of operations so detailed, of repetitions so patient, without ever experiencing the sense of monotony. The reason is, perhaps, that you are waiting almost breathlessly for Father Plater to take a rest. And he never does take a rest.

It is fitting that a biography so Pauline in its subject should have something Lucan in its texture. With Chapter IX a very definite "We-section" begins, and, save for some recapitulatory matter, persists through the rest of the book. Partly because of this, partly because of its war-halo, this part of the story is the one we read with most avidity. The reader is conscious, of course, that Father Plater as head of a house of studies is not Father Plater in a characteristic rôle: conscious, too, that the work he did among soldiers and cadets is not the part of his work which will have the most lasting effects. But something enters into the book at this point—it may be Father Martindale, or it may be Jim, but, while the picture does not alter, the colours become firmer at once. Though here, unfortunately, the modesty of the biographer has made it difficult for him to put on record the extraordinary thing which Campion Hall became both in the lives of the military quartered at Oxford and in the life (or suspended animation) of the University itself. I suppose that, during his short residence there, Father Plater became more of a figure in the University than any priest

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has since the Reformation. It was an ex-Vice-Chancellor, whom no one will accuse of undue partiality for Jesuits, who told me that "the non-Collegiates were asses not to make Plater their Proctor." It conjures up visions. But the University was not, surely, Father Plater's true setting. It seems likely that, if he had survived the war longer, he would have found difficulty in disentangling himself from that vast army of organizations which talk so much in Oxford, and do—not so much.

Lucan to the last, the biography finds its closing scenes at Malta. The story of that "holiday" is at once infinitely touching and infinitely dramatic: you know what is coming—it will prove that Father Plater has forgotten how to take a holiday. Or, rather, that there is only one possible holiday for him, and that is the eternal sabbath—*quae fessis requies! quae merces fortibus! quum erit omnia Deus in omnibus.*

Piety-hunters will have their regrets over the book. Very sparing use has been made, we think wisely, of Father Plater's own spiritual diary. And even the directly spiritual side of his work is little represented in some ways: we hear of retreat after retreat conducted by him, yet never do we find a quotation from his retreat, or even an outline of its method. But the book is all the more of a unity for that: it selects the originalities of a man outstandingly original, the chief preoccupations of a man who, except in his prayer, can never have had time to be otherwise than preoccupied. A biography might have been written on more conventional lines, but it would not have been like Father Martindale, or like Father Plater.

R. A. K.